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Bucks County PANORAMA

— The Magazine of Bucks County —

ESTABLISHED 1959

Volume XVI

December, 1974

Number 12

in this issue

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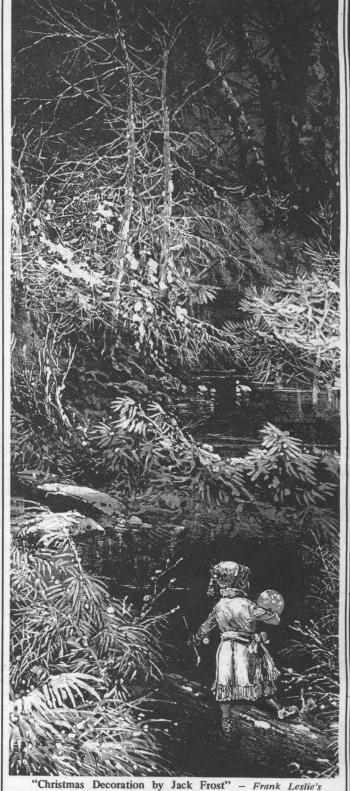
Advertising Sales: Elizabeth Goehring, Peggy Smith,

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Circulation: Doris Killough

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A. Russell Thomas, Gerry Wallerstein



Illustrated Newspaper, c. 1885.

May the Peace and the Beauty of the Christmas Season Continue Throughout the Year of 1975.

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CREATIVE GIFTING

Are you looking for a lasting gift that will show your love? Consider art! Do you have a father-in-law who has everything? Or a brother who deserves a really nice gift? Or someone who is difficult to please that you want to impress? Consider art! "Art for Christmas Giving" is being featured at the Collectors' Room in the Carversville Inn. You will find a large selection of original paintings, prints pen and ink sketches all very modestly priced — under \$50. And would you believe — framed and ready to be hung? Also, just for the Christmas season, hand-thrown pottery will be available.

The gallery located in the village of Carversville opened in September, and in November a watercolor show exhibiting Elizabeth Willet Thompson, Jan T. Helsel and Vincent Ceglia was enthusiastically received. On December 29th Deborah Gordon Dart will show her acrylic and pen and ink paintings. There will be a show of children's art in February.

Joyce Gordon, the owner, became interested in art while taking her daughter's paintings to shows in the area. She enjoyed the artists she met and felt that promoting their creativity would be a good thing to do as well as being beneficial to all. Her ultimate hope is that more people will become patrons and own works of local artists. In this time of inflation art can be a hedge, for the prices of original works do appreciate in value.

The Carversville Inn provides a relaxed atmosphere for collectors and lovers of art to view, browse and purchase from the varied selection of Delaware Valley artists. Oils and acrylics, watercolors, prints and sculpture by many local artists are displayed in a 19th century room with a handsome tin ceiling and wide-board wainscoating. A large, airy room adjoining the gallery is used for special showings. You will find delightful creations to please the most discerning on your list. Wouldn't you be pleased to receive a gift to be enjoyed for years to come? Consider art!

WWWWW

'TIS THE SEASON ...

The Cantata Singers of Quakertown will present a Service of Lessons and Carols in the English Tradition at several performances during the month of December. This unique service is patterned on the form of festivities used in England for centuries when the people would gather in churches and village squares to hear the nativity story and sing the carols of the season.

As presented by the Cantata Singers, the service will include familiar English carols, and exciting choral works for the season by such composers as Henry Purcell, William Mathias, and Kenneth Leighton. Under the direction of Ifor Jones, London trained musician and authority on English music,

Panorama's Pantry

the group will present the service in the style which one might hear in an English cathedral at Christmas.

Since its organization in 1969, the Cantata Singers have performed music ranging from the fourteenth to the twentieth centuries in their Spring Choral Festivals in addition to the seasonal Services of Lessons and Carols. Drawn from the greater Montgomery, Bucks Counties and Lehigh Valley areas, the Cantata Singers are men and women of all ages, from all walks of life, who have a common interest in the heritage of fine music.

The public is invited to attend the concerts, no tickets needed. For further information call (215) 536-6156.

FILLING

CHRISTMAS STOCKINGS



Did you know that the filling of Christmas stockings began over 1600 years ago? In the fourth century A.D., St. Nicholas — the original Santa Claus — dropped a bag of gold coins down a chimney into the stocking a poor girl had hung by the fireplace to dry, thus starting a lasting tradition. But this is only one of the picturesque Yuletide gift-giving customs which have gained a foothold in various corners of the globe.

While the children of the United States still hang their stockings up on Christmas Eve, youngsters in countries like Spain, France and Italy put out their shoes to be filled with gifts on January 6th.

French children await the arrival of $Pere\ Noel\ -$ or "Father Christmas" - a figure resembling our own Santa, who comes on Christmas Eve. But their more patient parents don't exchange gifts until New Year's Day.

In England the people still observe an old tradition called "Boxing Day" on December 26. It's the practice to give boxes filled with money to servants and tradesmen on that day.

Christmas giving in one Scandinavian country is "for the birds." In Sweden, the people tie bundles of grain to long poles and place them near their homes, and suet is fastened to the branches of trees. There's a belief in Sweden that if the birds come to eat the food, the crops that year will be abundant.

Another popular gift-giving custom in Sweden treats the exchanging of presents as a joke. Emphasis is placed on the way a gift is wrapped rather than on its contents. The idea is to make the wrapping elaborate and the gift as difficult as possible to find.

Brazilian children expect their version of Santa to arrive equipped with sleigh and winter suit — even though Christmas in Brazil comes during the hot summer season!

South of the border in Mexico, children try to break a *pinata*, which hangs from the ceiling, by hitting it with a long stick. When the *pinata* breaks and spills its contents to the floor, there's a mad scramble for the candy, nuts and toys.

Westphalian children write letters to the Christ Child and leave them on the window sill the night before Christmas.

And in Rumania, the children don't wait for their presents; they go from house to house on Christmas Eve, singing Christmas greetings and carrying long bags to hold the gifts they receive.

The residents of Popayan in the Colombian Andes of South America deliver trays of concoctions to the homes of their friends on Christmas Eve.

But whether Christmas gifts mean the tantalizing aroma of home-baked confections or the heavenly fragrance of luxury perfumes, the spirit of Christmas giving around the world is a universal one of cheerfulness and generosity.



COUNTRY POTTERY

Country styled pottery is now being hand created at the Stangl Pottery Factory Outlet in Flemington, N.J. by Susan Ciavolino and Andrea Becker. Mrs. Ciavolino and Ms. Becker, two of the resident potters, are shown above in the Log Cabin Workshop where demonstrations of all phases of crafting in clays are shown daily from 10:00 A.M. to 4:00 P.M.

The free demonstrations have been of great interest to the tourists and shoppers who visit the Stangl Pottery Factory Outlet. The potters bring forth the interesting duties and pleasures of their craft and take much pride in showing and explaining any process of their work.

Susan Ciavolino, who resides in Flemington, had her early training at the High School of Music and Art in New York City under Mrs. Lee Rosen. Her further education has been under private instruction and practical experience.

Andrea Becker is a graduate of Alfred University in New York State and holds a B.F.A. in ceramics and a M.F.A. in glass blowing. She has also studied pottery in West Berlin at the Hochshule Für Bildende Künste.



MANDATORY BICYCLE REGULATIONS

Mandatory Federal safety regulations for bicycles sold in interstate commerce will be in effect January 1, 1975.

The regulations call for safety features including:

- · Reflectors on front, back, sides and pedals to make bikes more visible at night.
- Protected edges on metal fenders and covering for protruding bolts.
- Locking devices to secure wheel hubs to frame, handlebar, seat and stem clamps.
- Chain guards for bikes whose pedals can't be reversed to free clothing that has been caught.
- Brakes capable of stopping within 15 feet when ridden by a person weighing over 150 pounds at a test speed based on bike's gear ratio.
- Instructions for maintenance, including tools needed for assembling if bike is sold unassembled.

The United States Consumer Products Safety Commission also has proposed a two-year labeling requirement for all bicycles that comply with the new regulation. Bikes introduced into interstate commerce before January 1, 1975 may be sold, but labeled that they meet the safety standards. Such labeling will help consumers know which bicycles meet the safety standards.



THE RESPONSIBLE HUNTER

Hunting season is with us once more and many young first-time hunters will be completing Pennsylvania's mandatory huntersafety training program in order to secure the right to purchase their first hunting license.

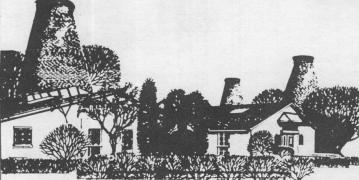
Busy and concerned parents of children involved in the purchase of this first license will find the Correspondence Course on Safe and Responsible Hunting to be a good added source of information for the young and first-time hunter.

The course was developed cooperatively by the Pennsylvania Game Commission and The Pennsylvania State University.

In addition to the discussion of safe weapon handling, (rifle, pistol, shotgun and bow) the course includes a well-rounded discussion of hunter-landowner relations, hunting ethics and sportsmanship, marksmanship, the relationship and future of our wildlife resources to our present game law code, and an excellent section on the selection of proper hunting clothing and survival. The survival section stresses safe woods travel as well as emergency measures for the lost hunter.

To secure a copy of the course, which comes complete in one volume, write to Box 5000, University Park, Pa. 16802. Request Safe and Responsible Hunting, and include a check payable to Penn State for four dollars. Your course copy will be mailed immediately.





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Christmas shopping is something most everyone does either happily or unhappily every year. Let's face it, it's unavoidable and it should be fun, after all, giving is much better than receiving! In our November issue we took you on a plan-ahead shopping tour. Well, now it's December and the yearly panic is about to set in. So for those of you who didn't plan ahead, we will give you some tips on what's available in Bucks County for that last-minute present-hunt and maybe save you the trip to the big department stores, malls and the crowded crush of the city.

Picking the right present for someone is sometimes a difficult job. But, don't worry, there are lots of unusual items available for those who have everything, or think they do.

Theater-goers would like a gift certificate to the new dinner-theater at the Lotus Gardens outside of Lambertville. For \$11.50 you could give the gift of dinner featuring Chinese or Polynesian food, an evening with *The Fantasticks* (the scheduled show from Dec. 12th to 31st) plus music and dancing after the show.

If there is a horse-lover in your family and you really want to make a hit — a pony cart, and pony, of course, would be a great thing to find under the Christmas tree. Many saddlery shops in the area have good selections of carts that start at about \$140.00 for a snappy 2-seater red model with wire wheels. This does not include the harness or the pony. The pony can cost much less than the cart. Every Friday evening there is a horse auction in Danboro where there are always several ponies displayed and we have seen them go for as little as \$10.00 but you should always invite your veterinarian to go with you before you make your purchase. And certainly you should be sure that the recipient of the gift will give proper care to and have the proper facilities for the pony.

On a much smaller scale — little children always love to find a new puppy or kitten in their Christmas stocking. For this type of shopping we suggest you visit the Bucks County SPCA. They always have a large amount of homeless animals looking for love and what better time to offer one of these creatures a home than Christmas.

Of course, books are always good presents. We have mentioned a few that we particularly liked in our Bookcase column but when we stopped in the New Delaware Bookshop in New Hope, we saw some more. Here you can buy James Michener's latest hit — Centennial — autographed, or countless books on local history plus any other book you have ever heard of. They also have the largest selection of calendars around — one of our favorites being Eric Sloane's Calendar for 1975. Also in the New Delaware are "hundreds" of jigsaws for

puzzle people and the best selection of Christmas records in the county.

For the game buff who has everything we found the old stand-by *Monopoly* but in French, British, German, Spanish and Italian versions. The game is the same but the places and money are all according to nationality. These foreign versions of *Monopoly* are priced at \$10.00 and can be found at Toys For Men in New Hope, no one else seems to have heard of them.

Still stymied? How about an original photograph by the ubiquitous Jack Rosen — editor of the Bucks County Gazette and photographer par exellence. Jack and his wife have opened a shop in New Hope aptly called "The Photograph" where you can buy glorious photos of the county mounted and matted from \$5.00 on up. "On up" constitutes larger photographs and of course photos framed and ready for hanging. Mrs. Rosen explained that much of the photography is experimental and the prints are not in limited editions per se - meaning good negatives will not be destroyed. We were very impressed with this large collection of pictures many of which could be said to have been "painted" with the camera. One of our very favorites is a large color print of a house that everyone who travels Route 202 to New Hope knows - an old red frame dwelling that has seen better days with its blue shutters hanging askew. In fact we won't tell you anymore about it you'll just have to go in and see for yourself.

Any handwriting maniacs on your list? We've found the perfect gift. For a mere \$3.95 you can buy the best fountain pen anyone would ever want. It's called the Osmiroid Italic Pen and it comes in versions for the left-handed and those who write with the other hand (we bought the left-handed one). Everything you write will look like it was done in days of old - you can't miss. The flexible point makes all the proper strokes either thick or thin. No matter what your handwriting is like, be it good or bad, this pen makes it look terrific — the legibility might still be questionable but it's the looks that count. Also, if you really get hooked, you can buy pen points in all different widths and really have a good time for yourself. Owning one of these gadgets is a great way to catch up with lagging correspondence or dandy for making lists - any excuse to play with the pen. Most art stores sell the Osmiroid so they are not really hard to find.

What about a gift for the miniature collector who has everything? Strawberry Jam in New Hope has a fantastic Neuremburg Kitchen for a paltry \$850.00. The kitchen is well stocked and everything in it is quite old except for one lone loaf of bread.

After we payed homage to the tiny kitchen, we took a closer look around the shop to see what was new since our last visit (see June, 1974 Panorama). We found "Kindergraphics" which are large poster-type murals for children that include eight different sheets that can be assembled on the wall of a child's room in any way they would like. The murals are all charming little animals done in color with details in pen and ink.

For the man who still has the smoking habit there are nine different blends of hand shredded and blended tobaccos from the Atlas Blending Corporation of Carversville also for sale in Strawberry Jam. And especially for the Christmas season there are Memory Wreaths made of dried flowers, natural wax ornaments for the tree that are priced under one dollar and of course where else would you go to buy Frankincense and Myrrh?

Continued on page 38

The Beautiful Season is here...



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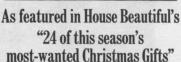
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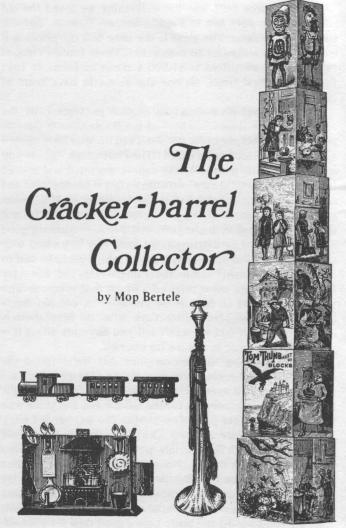


"24 of this season's most-wanted Christmas Gifts"

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Christmas has always been a special time for children and little folk for generations have spent endless hours writing that all important letter to Santa. The list was always a mile long, constantly revised and rewritten and eventually mailed while the long wait began. The end result, as we all know, miraculously appeared Christmas morning beneath the sparkly tree where, more than likely, toys were the star attraction. So, in keeping with the spirit of Christmas, antique toys get top billing for December.

To learn more about antique toys, I visited the Oaklawn Metal Craft and Antique Shop on Route 202 in Lahaska. This large shop is owned and operated by the John family who specialize in custom metal work, lanterns, tools, hardware, primitives, tinware and, naturally, toys!

The subject of antique toys is a lengthy one and due to limited space I could not delve into all areas. However, there are now in print many fine books on the American toy industry (see Panorama's Bookcase November and December issues).

The 1840's saw the commercial toy industry in this country take hold although there is evidence of earlier toy production. But, on the most part, American toys were handmade articles fabricated by a skillful relative, or makeshift toys created by the child himself, or less commonly, the village toymaker.

Tin, cast iron and wood were the main materials used. Decorating of the toys was done by several methods. One of these was embossing, which was the impressing of designs on the surface. Another way was hand painting or stenciling, which was later replaced with lithography - printing on the toys with colors. It produced a smoother finish and the process allowed for more detail. Lithographed toys first appeared on the market in the 1890's but did not become popular until the turn of the century. Many early wooden toys were finished with an application of lithographed paper for decoration.

Metal plating was also another popular method of finishing toys, where nickel and copper plating were used and most iron toys were painted instead of plated.

Tin toys were in great demand during the late 1800's and a single factory often produced 40,000,000 to 50,000,000 toys annually. Connecticut, New York and Philadelphia became the major toy-producing centers offering: tin doll furniture, animals, wagons, children's cups, kitchens, banks, boats, trains, horse cars and musical instruments. Tin toys were made of "tin plate," which was a sheet of steel coated with a thin layer of tin. The tin plate was put under great pressure in presses and stamped out. The parts were assembled either by soldering or by interlocking metal fingers with corresponding slots. The finished product was certainly destined to delight its new young owner.

Another distinct group of antique toys are those made of cast iron. Casting was primarily a simple process involving the pouring of molten metal into a mould and removing it when cooled.

With the exception of cannons, banks, cap pistols and miniature furniture, cast iron was not used for toy manufacture until the late 1870's. During the 1880's the first pull toy locomotives and horse-drawn vehicles were produced paving the way for the more refined and elaborate toys manufactured after the 1890's. By that time there were several major lines of iron toys - the most famous being the IVES TOY Company. These were unquestionably the finest made and were manufactured from the 1860's until the early 1900's. Unfortunately the name of the company was not printed on the toys until after 1907 making identification of earlier pieces difficult.

Cast iron was also used to fabricate little pieces known as "penny toys," which were miniature shovels, rakes, hammers and tops. Cast iron automobiles appeared after the turn of the century and were a very popular item.

Wooden toys were made primarily after the Civil War although some of the more simple types were made prior to 1860. Wooden toymakers created all types of toys with the exception of bell toys. In addition they produced many items particularly suited to lithographed paper pasted on wood such as alphabet blocks. These were rather common and the eye appeal was great due to the gay colors and detailed drawings made possible through the printing process.

For those readers interested in collecting antique toys, a visit to Oaklawn Metal Craft and Antique Shop is a must. Mrs. John has some fantastic toys for sale that will tickle the fancy of young and old alike.

In the shop now are cast iron fire engines — one complete with fireman and drawn by two handsome horses is priced at \$150.00. A cast iron horse-drawn ice wagon is \$160.00, a terrific tin friction car, circa 1909 is \$195.00, an early steam engine, circa 1860 is \$76.00 and an adorable wooden monkey pull toy from the 1870's is priced at \$55.00.



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"DECK THE HALLS"

Tradition and nostalgia are part of everyone's Christmas. At no time at this time of the year the theme, "Let's get back to nature" is all the more meaningful. Some of us can even remember enjoying a snowy Christmas, without dreading the drive to work on slippery expressways the following day.

With thoughts of warm fires and music that demands song, I would like to offer some ideas on holiday decorating, using of course, natural materials. To the creative hand and eye, nature produces a wealth of material that can be used effectively in "decking the halls." Beautiful accents can be produced for the table, mantle, window, tree and doorway.

Easy table arrangements can be made with simple designs of greens. Combine greens using their forms and textures to contrast and compliment each other. To enhance these arrangements, add some color using fruits either edible and non-edible. For example, a pile of fruit that has been arranged in the center of a large table or on a server, can be made festive with the addition of pine cones and conifer greens.

The natural color contrasts that can be achieved with fruit are boundless. Citrus fruits have many varied sizes, shapes and colors, the most common being, tangerines, oranges and grapefruit. However, there's also tangelos, murcots, honey tangerines, ugli fruit and kumquats. All of these add their special flavors from a design standpoint as well as taste. An arrangement of citrus alone is pleasing enough, but it can be made even more eyecatching if contrasting fruits such as apples, pears, pomegranates, persimmons, pineapples and grapes are used.

Some consideration should be given to the types of greens that will be used. The location of the arrangement is a factor in your choice. Spruce, hemlock and balsam greens will drop their needles rather quickly when placed in a warm environment. In contrast, pine and douglas fir boughs will hold their needles under adverse conditions. All greens are flammable and care should be taken when they are to be used in conjunction with candles or light bulbs. An application of an antitranspirant such as "Wilt-Pruf" will lengthen the time the greens will remain effective and look fresh.

For a longer lasting arrangement for the table or mantle, cones can replace the fruit. A wide variety of sizes, shapes and textures is available from conifer cones; White Pine cones are straight and narrow, Douglas Fir cones have lips that protrude from the top of each cone scale, Libocedrus cones are large and closely scaled, Hemlock cones are small and just right in mass or used as filler, Spruce cones are long and cylindrical or can be quartered and used as cone stars. For large arrangements, there are the Sugar Pine cones that can exceed two feet in length and are 6 inches in diameter.

Smaller versions of cone and fruit arrangements are perfect for window sills. To add interest, place some milkweed silk in the arrangement and spray with hairspray. The spray will prevent the seeds from blowing away and seeding your living room rug. With this touch instant snow drifts are created without the itch that comes with the use of spun glass that is used to the same effect.

Candles in the window at Christmas time have become a tradition. They add a warmth to the house from the cold and bleak outdoors. With the simple use of greens that warmth is enhanced from the inside out.

Doorways and entrance halls can be thought of in much the same way that a window sill is. Touches of greenery and cones in places that are noticed can very easily make the area more pleasing than great quantities of greens and lights. A simple wreath and pine garland on a door will provide some doors with all the decoration that they can handle. A spot light on such a door is all that is needed to frame the entrance way. Mere branches of holly placed over the doorway in an arch creates an elegant design.

The backbone of Christmas decoration is, of course, the tree. I have often wondered what makes a person pick the tree he or she buys. All too often, I believe, it is because that is the type of tree that they are used to having. It is the one they remember as a child — no other variety of tree is a real Christmas tree. It seems more logical to me to choose the variety of tree that will last the longest and best fits the decorations that are on hand.

The most common conifers that are used as Christmas trees are, Scotch Pines, Douglas Firs, Balsam Firs, White Pines, Red Spruce, White Spruce, Norway Spruce and Colorado Blue Spruce. Of these the Scotch Pine and Douglas Firs will last the longest and look fresh under the abuses of the house.

Many people feel that a cut tree is not good to have since it robs the environment of yet another tree. This is not the case. Christmas trees are grown as crop just as corn and wheat. As with these latter crops, as the harvest is made more trees are planted to replace them.

Once the tree is choosen for whatever reason, tradition or practicality, it should be brought into the house slowly. That is, into an area that is cool rather than cold such as a garage, then on into the house. The reason for this is to acclimate the tree to the warmer temperatures that prevail in the home. It should always be given enough water in the base of the tree stand. In this regard, a fresh cut on the bottom of the trunk will allow the tree to take up water easier and faster than one that is sealed with sap.

In answer to the suggestion, "let's get back to nature," I have to ask, "Why not?" It is in nature we belong and there is where we are happiest. Why not bring nature back this holiday season.

I wish the reader warmth, snow and Merry Christmas!



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BUCKS COUNTY, PHOTOGRAPHS OF EARLY ARCHITEC-TURE by Aaron Siskind with text by William Morgan. Published by Horizon Press, N.Y., for the Bucks County Historical Society, 1974. 112pp., 100 b&w photographs, \$12.95.

The perfect Christmas gift — for lovers of Bucks County, its old stone houses, barns and countryside or just plain devotees of beautiful photography — this new book put out by the folks at the Mercer Museum is a wonderful collectors' item that anyone would enjoy receiving.

In the 1940's, Aaron Siskind, who is today one of the world's top photographers, was commissioned to record the architectural beauty of Bucks County for a book that was never published. At that time some of the photographs were put into the archives of the Historical Society and some were lost. But now most have been found and the result is a wonderful nostalgic glance at our county before the building boom and the bulldozer.

The 14 page introduction pinpoints the county's position in American history with its culture, art and architecture. Morgan states that the sources for our architecture are English although the German settlers contributed the two-story barn.

Only one thing bothers me about the book — many photographs are lacking in detailed identification as to the location of the subject. This may be a bit nit-picky on my part but I have an old house which once had a stone barn that was leveled long ago. Perhaps Mr. Siskind took a photograph of that barn but if he did — no one would ever know. In fact many of the buildings shown no longer exist — what a shame that they were not more completely identified when they were photographed years ago. But that is but a small detail that really does not detract from the enjoyment of the book.

Bucks County, Photographs of Early Architecture is available at the Mercer Museum Shop and the New Delaware Bookshop in New Hope. And for those of you who live outside the County — the Museum Shop on Pine Street in Doylestown will be glad to fill your mail orders. Pennsylvania residents should add 6% sales tax plus 50¢ postage for one book, each additional book add 25¢ more. For Out-of-State residents the same postage rates apply.

THE GEORGE BROWN TOY SKETCHBOOK edited with and introduction by Edith F. Barenholtz. The Pyne Press, Princeton, N.J., 1971, 135pp, \$25.00

The George Brown Toy Sketchbook is just that - a collection of sketches, in full color, of toys made by George Brown in the 1850's in Connecticut. In fact, it is really a reproduction of Mr. Brown's catalog complete with penciled in prices of the toys.

This is a marvelous find for the collector of antique metal toys. Most of the sketches are drawn to the actual size of the toys and many of the drawings were done by George Brown, the inventor and designer of the toys.

Every kind of metal toy imaginable is pictured in this large, beautifully designed book. Many of them are mechanical toys. For instance - a mechanical, large, engine with clockwork mechanism, striking bell and cowcatcher was available for \$21.00 a dozen. Imagine the price if you were to find one of these beauties today!

George Brown was especially known for his elaborate cottage banks with gingerbread trim. A dozen of the most elaborate of all his banks would cost the toy shop of the 1860-70's a mere \$10.00. The less elaborate could be purchased at \$9.00 or \$7.50 per gross. A mechanical steam fire engine drawn by two white horses could be had for \$27.00 per

The sad thing about owning a book such as this or for that matter, any other old catalog such as Sears and Roebuck's, is the fact that the reader cannot turn to the back of the book and fill out the order blank.

A Horizon Guide - GREAT HISTORIC PLACES OF EUROPE, by the editors of Horizon Magazine. American. Heritage Publishing Co., Distribution by McGraw-Hill, New York. 1974. 384 pp. \$10.00.

A companion piece to the Horizon Book of Great Historic Places of Europe, (\$35) this is more an alphabetical history book than a guide. One could read, for example about Lucerne or Zurich without knowing of mountains nearby. And, the sense of balance seems questionable. Paris takes 8 pages, Athens 4, London 5, Rome and the Vatican 10. York gets a page. Yet Stonehenge is disposed of in a paragraph that fails to mention its significance or any of the controversies about its history. Indeed, some of the flat statements e.g. "here St. Peter was interred" in an otherwise masterful 2-page summation of Vatican City, are worth at least some qualification to avoid entrapping the unwary tourist with "facts" disputed for centuries by reputable historians.

But, generally, the selections are excellent and the essential details adequate to make the book suitable as an historical supplement to a more conventional guide book. . J.S.

ALL THINGS BRIGHT AND BEAUTIFUL, by James Herriot, St. Martin's Press, New York. 1974. 378 pp. \$8.95.

The best present you could buy an animal lover this Christmas is this new book by James Herriot, country veterinarian, his sequel to All Creatures Great and Small. If the reader has not had the pleasure of reading "All Creatures" you may now buy it in paperback to accompany the new hardback book - after all - you certainly wouldn't like to start in the middle of the story!

The books are essentially the memoirs of a country veterinarian in the locale of the Yorkshire Dales of northern Continued on page 36



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BUCKS COUNTY'S BEST

is always seen in the Bucks County PANORAMA MAGAZINE

Here are some of the things that make it the magazine to be read by everyone who lives in, visits, or just plain loves the rolling hills, the old stone houses, the quaint villages and the people of Bucks County, Pennsylvania.

Every month our features include DISTINCTIVE DINING in the County, a CALENDAR OF EVENTS which is an inclusive listing of day to day events plus entertaining and educational things to do in beautiful historical Bucks County, THE CRACKER BARREL COLLECTOR — your guide to antique shopping — a column that visits a different shop each and every month, THE COUNTRY GARDENER advises how to cope with the growing problems peculiar to our part of the state, and RAMBLING WITH RUSS where Russell Thomas tunes into days gone by.

We have regular profiles of Bucks County artists from a stained glass craftsman to a symphony conductor, to a model ship builder and the list goes on and on and on.

Our special features vary from month to month . . . we may feature a whole town . . . or give you the complete history of a County forefather . . . take you on a trip to a wildflower preserve, to the Newtown Historic House tour, to Fallsington Day, to the famed New Hope Auto Show, or riding to the hounds on a fox hunt.

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DECEMBER, 1974





Christmas Gift

The annual Christmas Open House for Bucks County residents will be held on the grounds of the Mercer Museum on Wednesday, December 11 from 7:30 to 9 p.m.

Presented by The Women's Committee of The Bucks County Historical Society this will be the 13th edition. It was on Wednesday, December 12, 1962 when Bucks Countians first were invited into the Mercer Museum central court for a program of holiday music presented by choirs of the Presbyterian Church of Doylestown, and musicians playing harpsichord and recorders. Leonard G. Johnson, executive director and curator of the museum at that time, had suggested the Open House to a group of ten museum volunteers, who developed the idea — and so a tradition was born.

Some years later an outdoor bonfire for "the burning of the greens" ceremony was added. This custom was brought from Old England to Williamsburg, Va. and has become a feature of the Open House. Guests toss a sprig of evergreen into the bonfire to symbolize the casting off of troubles accrued during the passing year. Over another small outdoor fire for many years William O. Krauder mulled cider in iron kettles belonging to the museum. And always, Santa Claus has been in a Mercer Museum sleigh where he visits with youngsters.

By 1970 the community Christmas Open House had become so popular it was no longer feasible to accommodate guests inside the museum. So the choirs, the brass ensembles, the glee clubs presented their music outside, from the museum balcony and the Elkins Building portico and steps. There have been changes in the Christmas Open House format over the years but the warmth and good fellowship of an old fashioned Christmas remains.

Plans for December 11 Christmas Open House are flexible due to the historical society's current building expansion and improvement program. However, there will be burning of the greens, cider will be mulled, Santa Claus will visit with the youngsters and Christmas music will fill the air. Please come to share The Bucks County Historical Society's Christmas gift.





The Christmas Legacy

by Pamela H. Bond DECEMBER, 1974



As it was then, but more bold and more proud I thought as I drove down the hemlock shaded pathway. Before me rose a charming old farmhouse, with two large Sycamore trees standing guard in front. As I rounded the bend in the long driveway I saw rows and rows of shiny green holly trees like a Christmas forest spread over the acreage. Toni Eustice greeted me to the Holly Tree Farm in Ivyland; her legacy and home.

Toni and John Eustice bought the Holly Tree Farm eight years ago from Robert Brown without any prior experience with the care of holly. Toni explained the situation with a gleam in her eye.

"We sort of fell into the business. We learned from our mistakes." As she fondled a small twig of holly from the hedge, she told of her first lesson in growing holly.

"Did you know that holly trees grow kind of the way people do," she asked? "It takes three years for them to shoot up from the soil. Eight years later the trees reach maturity and are then ready to reproduce. They are particular though. American Holly will never cross-pollinate with English holly or Chinese holly."

The beautiful farm on Bristol Road, just beyond the Ivyland Inn was started by Bob Brown. He bought the land from John Mallory in 1955 and rooted the entire twin-orchard from one holly tree on the property and created a Christmas vision that he later named the Holly Tree Farm. Bob Brown had several heart attacks while planting the trees and when he gave up the farm to the Eustices he was greatly concerned about his trees.

"You'll take care of my trees?" he asked the new owners. They have more than taken care of the six acres. When Bob Brown died, Toni set a twig of the beautiful green and red holly beside him in his coffin.

The Eustices receive orders for holly boughs as early as Thanksgiving and Toni remarked that this year was an especially busy one. The third week of November they start to trim the trees to get them ready for packaging. From the 687 trees on the farm an anticipated 20,000 pounds will be out this season for customers. Everyone is anxious to decorate with the waxy boughs during the holidays but Toni remarked that most of their business is wholesale and that they ship the boughs in white plastic to Washington, New York, New Jersey and all over Pennsylvania.

"Of course people can stop by to buy boughs from us without ordering," she urged.

There are two full orchards on the farm. On the left side of the land behind the house is a kind of holly appropriately called "Old Heavy Berry." The adjacent orchard is rows of what is called "Merry Christmas" holly.

As Toni led me through the aisles of holly, she kept swatting bees from her hair which was pinned in a bun at the base of her neck. She wore slacks and a short jacket and her willowy frame strolled the acreage with a confidence and pride gained from a learned knowledge and much hard work. We soon arrived at the back of the garage where eight double-decker beehives were placed to help cross-pollinate the trees.

"Oh yes, we had to learn about the bees too," she smiled at me.

Toni is almost as proud of the house as she is of her Christmas legacy. Secret gardens have been written about by many poets and authors but they hold no light to what Toni calls her "wild garden." The garden is to the right of the house and hosts fruit trees and large bushes that encircle the lovely spot. "People come here to bury their dogs," she said, "because it's so peaceful." She pointed to a shallow grave. "I think I like it most because it is so untouched."

I was so charmed by the land and the home that I did some researching to determine the origin of the property. Not only is the Eustices holly farm one of the only in Bucks County, (it is one of few in Pennsylvania), there is much history to the land.

The farm was a part of a tract of land originally granted to William Penn. In 1690 Penn ceded the land to Thomas and Elizabeth Davis who put the foundations up for the springhouse that still stands on the farm.

The then 1,000 acres passed through the hands of Bartholomew Longstreth and was sold to William Spencer. Spencer erected the house in 1760 and planted much of the trees surrounding the house.

The land was passed down through the Spencer family to the Bready family at which time that section of Bristol Road was temporarily named Breadyville for the two sisters who occupied the home. The farm was divided and all but six acres surrounding the house were lost to other townspeople.

In 1929 Louis Schwartz restored the house and again landscaped the grounds. The Farm was then known as "Boxwood Farms" after the trees that he added to the estate. Schwartz was a chicken farmer and knew nothing of the beautiful American Holly tree that stood in front of the home.

John Mallory, a teacher at Abington High School, sold the land to Robert Brown in 1955 and Brown saw more than an historical farmhouse. He saw potential for a holiday wonderland.

When I think of Christmas I think of red and green. "I wouldn't be surprised if the traditional colors of Christmas perhaps did come from the holly," added Toni, "it's such an old and revered symbol of Christmas."

I was unaware that the Holly Tree Farm was so close by all these years and that there was such a heritage just down the road a little. And I don't think I will ever forget the red and green pageantry of the Christmas symbol as I drove out of the drive and looked back to the 600 foot holly hedge at the edge of the property of the Holly Tree Farm.

THE OXEN

Christmas Eve, and twelve of the clock, "Now they are all on their knees," An elder said as we sat in a flock By the embers in hearthside ease.

We pictured the meek mild creatures where They dwelt in their strawy pen, Nor did it occur to one of us there To doubt they were kneeling then. So fair a fancy few would weave In these years! Yet, I feel, If someone said on Christmas Eve, "Come; see the oxen kneel

"In the lonely barton by yonder coomb Our childhood used to know," I should go with him in the gloom, Hoping it might be so.

- Thomas Hardy



by Suzanne C. Blank
Photo by Britta Windfeld-Hansen

If one were to go looking this season, with Hardy, there would be no oxen in the farm yard worshipping in the snow. But if the search were to cover Langhorne, and include Mary Jane Martin's home, any number of unlikely creatures

could turn up right in the living room.

For Mary Jane's home is a refuge for the wounded, the poisoned, and the orphaned animal — all the unfortunates of the wild in Bucks County. Through her position as assistant naturalist at the Churchville Outdoor Education Center, she receives injured animals from parks, the S.P.C.A., the police, game wardens, and from concerned people who find a suffering creature and have no idea what to do with it. But word gets around. She takes it home, to mother it, heal it, and eventually return it to the wild. What prompts a civilized and gracious lady to allow opossums, kestrels, raccoons, squirrels, owls and suchlike, the freedom of a lovely home?

For Mary Jane Martin it began as a child in Andalusia where she grew up with large stretches of woodland and a river to nurture her love of wildlife. Her father also had a significant influence. "My father was a doctor," she explains, "and he was also a woodsman, a conservationist and a naturalist."

She still remembers his advice the first time she brought an animal home. "I was ten years old. My dog had treed a possum, and I slung it over my shoulder and hauled it home. My father told me I had three days to study and observe it, then I had to release it. This was his most important lesson: never, never confine a wild animal who can survive free."

Some interesting household arrangements result. Moving through the living room, one is liable to be passed by a low flying kestrel, or small hawk, who lights on a clock on the mantelpiece to hold prolonged discussions with himself in the mirror. A young raccoon lumbers bearlike through the house, sensitive paws investigating every crevice, clambering up doors and cabinets for further exploration. A curious visitor peers into a hollow log in the back bedroom and confronts a pair of luminous eyes peering out — the resident owl.

Mary Jane believes the more an animal is confined, the less one sees its true nature. And she prizes the natural animal highly. "I confine them only to keep them from hurting themselves or the other animals, or to prevent their absolutely destroying the house when I am gone. But when I come home, the first thing I do is release the animals."

Her roster of animal patients suggests an incredible investment of time, effort and money. This year she has cared for fifty rabbits, six raccoons, four squirrels, an occasional possum, and hundreds of birds (She holds a federal permit to handle migratory and nonmigratory birds, and to hold them for rehabilitation, releasing them at her own discretion).

Most problems she can handle herself, drawing upon years of practical experience and the medical training gleaned by working on animals with her physician father. But she speaks gratefully of veterinarians who have volunteered time, equipment, advice and assistance on difficult cases.

For years she has borne the expense of housing, feeding and caring for the animals herself. Recently the Bucks County Audubon Society has assumed this responsibility, and has started a campaign to solicit donations to cover these costs.

But the investment in time remains Mary Jane Martin's, and it is prodigious. The layman who is intrigued by her work and rather fancies himself with a raccoon on his shoulder and a killdeer at his dinner table, loses interest quickly when he learns the raccoon will need a bottle several times during the night, and the bird needs feeding every ten minutes from sunup to sundown.



For Mary Jane that effort has become routine, a calculation of forty worms per day per bird, plus fruit, seed and water. And if she misses a couple feedings? "They'll die," she says simply. "I don't miss more than one. I try not to miss any."

Most of her patients are birds, and it is from their ranks that her favorite stories come. But first she makes a point: "Many of the small birds I get have been rescued from their parents and don't need to be rescued at all. Sometimes a bird will fall out of its nest, or crash-land when it is learning to fly. If you let it alone, its parents will take care of it."

The birds she receives are mainly orphans, occasionally road casualties. The most heart-breaking are the poisoned birds who have become paralyzed by feeding on food or prey that have been sprayed with insecticides or pesticides. She has seen more poisoning cases this year than ever before.

She recalls one swallow who did recover and became positively chummy, napping beneath her hair when she slept. He was often rested before she was, and did his efficient best to waken her when he was ready to get up by walking briskly up and down her face. Once she was on her feet the swallow would tug at the hem of her clothing, reminding her to feed him.

A raucous blue jay became the all time favorite, "conversing" with the family and sharing their meals. Mary Jane remembers his perching in the centerpiece at the dinner table, hopping down to peck up tidbits that appealed to him from the various plates. One evening he sampled a dish of leftover ice cream. He liked it so well he took several more pecks, becoming more excited with each taste. Finally, he plunged directly into the dish and threw himself literally into an ice cream orgy, flapping and dancing in the dish until he was bathed in ice cream and exhausted. Many a dieter has had an identical urge.

Handling wild animals who are in pain presents certain hazards, and Mary Jane has had her share of nips and scratches. Nothing serious, except for an encounter with a red-tailed hawk whom she describes as the largest and the most difficult animal she has kept, cared for and released. "He had a forty-three inch wing span, and he fought me every inch of the way."

"I made a serious mistake one day while I was working with him. For an instant I let something distract me. It was all he needed. He reached thru the cage, and his talons pinned my hands to the top of the cage. I was wearing heavy gloves, but he pierced right through them, digging into my hands. He held me there for two hours. Finally, I was starting to pass out from staying in one position so long, and I pulled my hands out of the gloves. Both hands had deep gashes down the backs. Even then, he didn't let go of the gloves. He still had them pinned to the cage when it got dark."

Mary Jane remembers the hawk's resisting her and her attempts to help him from the day he came until the day she freed him, healed. "I opened the cage and he flew off. When he was some distance away he turned and flew back. He dove to within a few feet of my head, circled me, dipped his wings, then flew out of sight. I never saw him again."

And her most rewarding case? Mary Jane smiles. "The red-tailed hawk."

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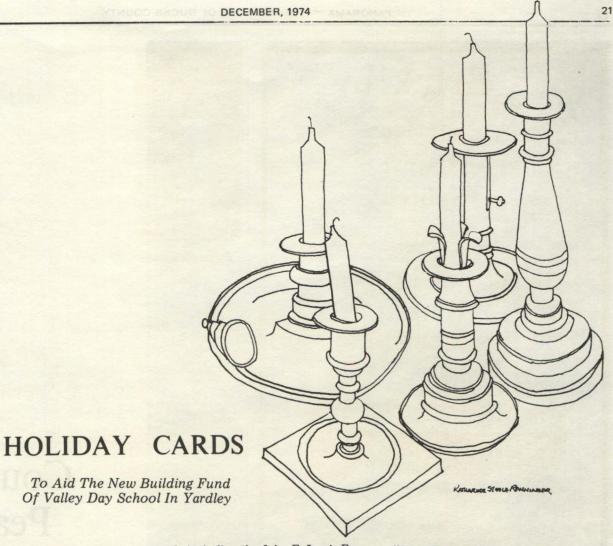
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Valley Day School, a school for children with learning disabilities, was totally destroyed by fire this past September. Classrooms have been set up in the Woodside Presbyterian Church adjacent to the School. The School owns sixteen acres of land on Mill Road in Lower Makefield Township which will be the future site of the school.

So once again this year, the Women's Auxiliary of the Valley Day School had as their project, holiday cards and notes that have been on sale to the public since October 21st. The project began in the summer when four, local artists donated their original designs to be reproduced as holiday cards. This is the fourth year for the project and to date, \$4,000 has been raised to aid the New Building Fund

The artists donating their original works this year are: Mrs. Katharine Steele Renninger of Newtown, Pa. who has done a line drawing entitled "Candle Holders." Mrs. Renninger is a recent winner at Phillips Mill Art Show in New Hope Pennsylvania and she has taught at St. Mary's Hall, Burlington, N.J. and Moore College. She has received numerous

awards including the John F. Lewis European Travelling Fellowship, Allentown Museum National Society of Painters in Casein, Philadelphia Sketch Club and the Pen and Brush in New York. Mrs. Renninger has donated many of her original works for the benefit of Valley Day School and has served on its Board of Directors.

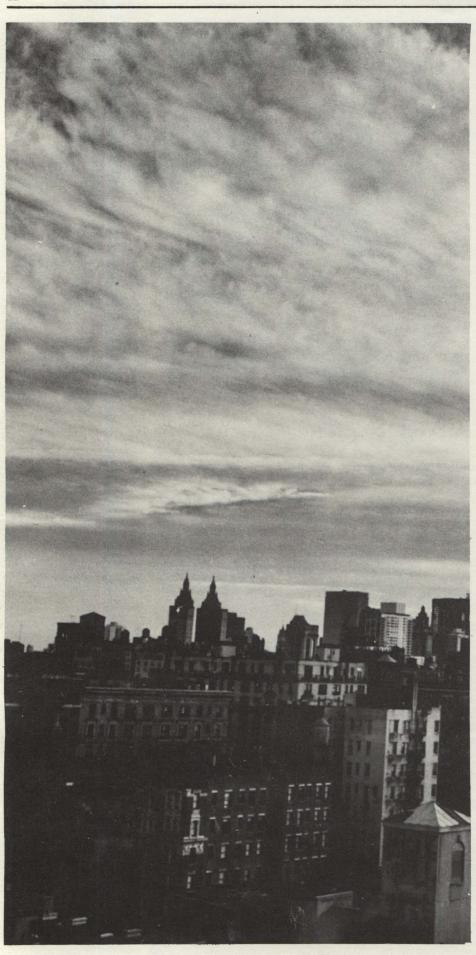
Next are two cards from Mrs. Dorothy Young of Doylestown, Pa. Mrs. Young is a graduate of Philadelphia Museum of Art and has had exhibits in Willow Grove, Chestnut Hill, Ambler and Yardley Stover Mill and the Philadelphia Museum of Art Gallery '74. She has received the IVB Bank Honorable Mention award and the Courthouse Juried Show First Prize award. Her paintings have been shown in private collections in nine states. She is a local teacher in all phases of art. The first drawing is entitled "Silent Night" a pen and ink of a farm scene done in shades of grey, black and white and has a green envelope. The second card by Mrs. Young is titled "Not A Creature Was Stirring."

Mr. Walter Culbreth of Trenton, New Jersey has done a wood cut entitled

"Snowflakes." Mr. Culbreth is a selftaught artist and a bio-chemist with American Cyanamid of Princeton, New Jersey. Mr. Culbreth is almost exclusively a wood block print artist and just finished illustrating a child's book.

The note paper this year is entitled "Wrens" and has been donated by Harriet Brainard of New Hope. Mrs. Brainard lives in the Moss Hart house in New Hope but was born and raised in Minnesota. She is quite active in the Pro-Musica of which her husband is director. The mother of three children, she is a self-taught artist and her line-drawing of three wrens is quite striking.

The cards are available from the following, local shops: David Dickstein Realtors, Levittown; The New Library Book Shop, Newtown; Cookery Ware Shop, Peddlers Village; Crossing Pharmacy, Washington Crossing; Springbrook Inn, Newtown; Under the Pier, Levittown; House of Shoes, Yardley; Janice Leightmans, Morrisville; Hacienda Stylists, Yardley; Bristol Motor Inn, Bristol; Cachet, Penndel; Du-All Beauty Salon, Levittown.



Country Peace and Quiet

by Carla Coutts

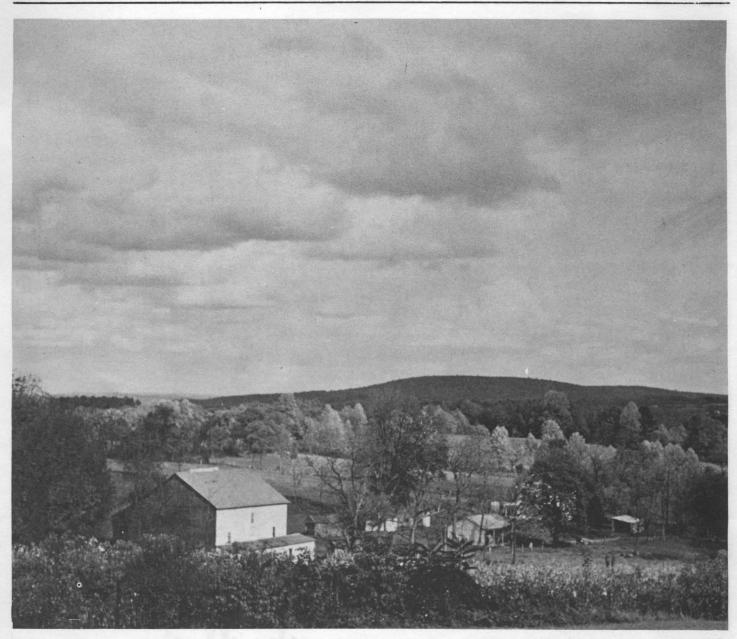
Photography by Alfred H. Sinks

Christmas should always be spent in the country. The country exudes a special warmth of peace and quiet in the wintertime, unlike summer when birds are chirping and crickets are humming. There is a particular beauty to the country when the leaves have fallen and trees are bare; when animals are asleep in their lairs and the winter wheat is lying dormant under the snow.

Bucks County is a special place where the closeness of the cities and suburbs has not quite yet taken over the beauty of the country and, in winter, there is nothing as awe-inspiring as a new fallen snow dressing up her rolling fields and farmlands.

Almost everyone who lives here feels a little privileged and smug at the same time. We have all been heard to gloat at one time or another that "we live in Bucks County." After all it's a famous place. History was made here, many well-known people have been residents at one time or another, and the county has been an

DECEMBER, 1974



inspiration for many of the arts not to mention her ongoing tradition of agriculture.

Over the past several years, many groups of people have gotten together to try and find the magic potion that will keep Bucks County the way it was or is while still allowing for the economic progress of its citizens. A difficult and maybe impossible task.

One such man was Alfred H. Sinks, a true citizen of Bucks County and for many years editor of the Bucks County Traveler magazine. Until October of this year, this energetic and almost youthful seventy-one-year-old man could be seen zipping around the county with his pencil, paper and cameras recording the beauty of Bucks in the hopes of saving it from the seemingly inevitable crush of urban and suburban sprawl.

Alfred wrote many articles for *Panorama* the most recent being about the past of Lambertville, New Jersey which we both felt was an extension of our county in its history.

He also campaigned arduously for the saving of the Bolton Mansion — the future of which is still at stake. He worked diligently for the Bucks County Conservancy, and was instrumental in creating the Bucks County parks system as we see it today. And in his long career as a writer he was published frequently in Harpers, Saturday Review and Reader's Digest. But this was not all there was to the man. He was a successful farmer for a time, an a ccomplished musician, a budding photographer and a quester for excellence — a rennaissance man in the age of specialization.

So now Bucks County has lost another of her "protectors" for there are not many of us around who will work so hard for the preservation of beauty; of a way of life. It is much easier for us to say that the loss of country peace and quiet is inevitable in the face of progress and there is nothing we can do about it. But if you think about it and you really care perhaps you can help find a way to

satisfy the demands of progress while preserving the heritage of the land; the beauty of nature; and the quality of life for *all* of us in Bucks County.

In memory of Alfred H. Sinks, *Panorama* invites the concerned citizens of Bucks County to submit their thoughts on the conservation of "country peace and quiet." We will publish the best of the articles submitted – an article that tackles the problem realistically but with fresh ideas perhaps hitherto unthought of by the minds of overworked legislators and the handful of conservation groups in the county who perhaps after the years can't see the forest for the trees.

The author of the published article will receive \$50.00 in memory of Alfred H. Sinks.



POIS the Horse Who Solved a, Robbery

by Phoebe Taylor



Years ago when we visited the Holicong farm, my uncle told me the story of Polo, the horse who solved a robbery. I could see the big white horse in my mind's eye, prancing around and snorting, his tail flying in the wind. I loved to hear my uncle tell about him and I kept asking, "Is it true, every bit of it?"

"Phoebe, thee asks too many questions," he would say and then start again, adding more details:

"It was a dreary time for me... I had a bout with polio which was a terrible scourge in the days before the vaccine was developed. It struck children suddenly and without warning. I was luckier than most because the disease left me with only partial paralysis in my left leg. The doctor prescribed exercises and told my mother to see that I practiced them every day. If I worked hard enough, he said, I would get my strength back.

I remember sitting on the back porth when Mother came out to gently remind me of my exercises. When I told her I was too tired, she looked sad and tired herself.

I must have fallen asleep, because I jumped awake at the sound of hoofbeats coming up the lane. I heard the sharp pings of hooves hitting stones and soft thuds from the dirt as I pulled myself up by the porch pillar to see what was

coming. Up the lane a big white horse was galloping, mane and tail flying, and sitting in the saddle tall and straight, was my father. He rode right up to the lawn, beside the brick wall and finally to the stone steps, just a few feet from the pillar where I was standing.

The beautiful horse snorted and pawed the ground, scuffing up tufts of grass. I

was out of the question.

Now I was looking into the eyes of a real horse and my father was still smiling at me; then he slid off and lifted me up on that big back which felt like a mountain. I looked at the ears in front, the long white neck and thick mane. 'Hang on to the mane,' my father called, 'and I'll lead you around.'



breathed in his warm horse odor and saw flecks of lather on the wet creases as he arched his neck. My father smiled down at me... 'Well, how do you like your horse?'

I couldn't speak. I couldn't believe my ears or my eyes. All my life I had wanted a horse or a pony, or a donkey, or even a mule, but I never expected to get one. No one around us had riding horses. There were farms, but the old stone barns held tractors and farm machinery. Now and then some old timer could be found still plowing with an ancient team of horses or mules, but most of the modest farmers had given up their animals, finding their tractors cost so much to maintain that keeping horses for the luxury of riding

I named my horse 'Polo' after Marco Polo and because it sounded a little like polio which I was just getting over. I learned to ride but I couldn't get on by myself because my leg was too weak to hold me. I would lead Polo to the stone watering trough, climb up, balance on the edge, throw my leg over his back and then slide into position. I always rode bareback because I liked to feel his warmth and moving muscles under me and I could tell what he was going to do by the way those muscles tightened or loosened. We got to know each other and I could tell him what I wanted and he had ideas he told me. I taught him to stand still while I got on and to go forward with

Continued

just a little pressure from my leg, and I talked him out of being afraid of some things, but not the train which chugged into Bycot station.

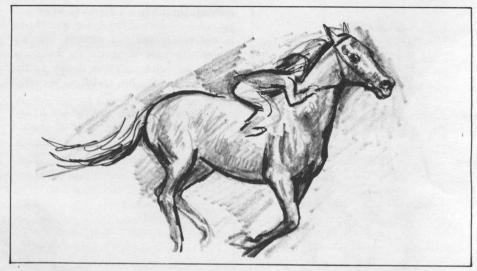
Polo stiffened and whirled away from the noisy train and never did get used to it. He also hated whips. I didn't know this until one day while riding in the orchard, I pulled off a small branch, twirling it in my hand. Polo saw it with his side vision and suddenly leaped and reared and I fell off in the high grass, rolling over and over... while Polo ran off. I had to limp back home. When I came to the barn, he was there munching grass, reins dragging on the ground. He lifted his head part way and rolled his eyes in a spooky way and I knew I would never show him a stick again.



Every day began and ended with Polo. I fed him in the morning while the dew was shining in the early sun and the chickens were just beginning to stir. He nickered softly, reaching his head over the stall door, sometimes pawing impatiently, thumping against the heavy wood. I scooped up his grain and when I brought it in I had to push his head away before he knocked it out of my hand with his nose and spilled it.

After he finished eating, I turned him out in the pasture and went in the house to work on my exercises. I needed strong legs to ride and I wanted to learn to jump fences and to climb up and down the steep trails on Buckingham Mountain.

Riding was slow and easy at first. I brought Polo back in the barnyard, tying him up next to the watering trough while



I brushed him and put on his bridle, then climbed on. We walked down the lane to the Upper Mountain Road which was a dirt road then leading past the Old Folks Home (The Nazarene Home now). There were two big dogs there, so we didn't go all the way, turning back at the first sound of barking. My rides became longer as my leg improved and finally I decided to try Buckingham Mountain.

The sun was high and only a few clouds hung in the sky as we trotted up the mountain road. After rounding the first curve I turned Polo into an abandoned lane, that led to a deserted shack.

Back of the shack we found the sharply narrow Indian Trail which led to the ridge. It was barely wide enough for Polo. His feet slipped on the rocks, muscles bunched and strained as he climbed the steep mountainside. I hung over his neck holding on to his mane as he struggled to the top. On the ridge the path widened and there were thick patches of mountain laurel and rhododendron and big sweet ferns. In a little while we reached the Wolf Rocks, huge tumbled boulders scattered about like giant toys. Some were shaped into chairs and couches and tables, and there was a cave where the hermit had hidden for years. A giant waterfall of boulders covered the side of the mountain and only a few sparse trees could grow between them or in the crevices so it made a window in the woods, opening a view of the whole valley. Our farm looked tiny and neat with its square fields and straight rows of apple trees in the orchard and the pond like a smooth piece of blue glass.

We stood for a while and then started looking for the signs of the Hunter's Trail with its red and yellow paint splotches on the tree trunks. It was not as steep as the Indian Trail, following the contour of the mountain instead of going straight down and it ended at the quarry. We were just coming out to the road when I noticed the dark sky and heard rumbles of thunder. I felt the nearness of the storm so I sat low on Polo, squeezed with my knees and told him to GO until he lengthened his stride. The wind whistled past my ears as his hooves beat a rapid tattoo and his muscles stretched in and out to the wild rhythm of his speeding body. Stinging drops of rain hit my face and became a torrent of rain by the time we got home. I took Polo into the barn and rubbed down his steaming sides, then went to the house to ask my mother to fix some warm bran mash.

The ache in my leg was getting worse, but I wanted to get Polo settled for the night so I tried not to think about it—just ran, or rather hopped fast from the barn to the house, and back to the barn with the mash. As I came out, the wind blew the doors out of my hands and slammed them back against the stone wall of the barn. It took all my strength to pull them shut and bolt them.

That night I tried to sleep, but in the roar of the storm I worried about my horse out there alone. Once I thought I heard another sound like the motor of a car. Great zig-zagging flashes of lightning ripped the sky and one very brilliant streak lighted up the barn so clearly that I could see every detail—and the barn door stood open! 'I shut it,' I said to myself, 'I know I did.' Darkness came back and the

barn was a black silhouette against the grey background of the mountain, and sharply accented on the side was the open barn door.

I got up and wrapped myself in a coat and put boots on my bare feet, then I sloshed out into the driveway and crossed to the barn. I began calling Polo as soon as I got in but there was no answering nicker . . . only the cackle of a few sleepy hens and the flickering swish of mice running to hide in the straw. When I saw his stall door open I knew he wasn't there but I searched the shadowy corners anyway where his warm dark smell lingered and I looked into the unused stalls on both sides of the corridor. Nothing! I went back to the house and woke up my mother and father to tell them Polo was gone.

They looked up to see me dripping a puddle of water from my wet coat and boots and telling them that my horse had disappeared in the storm. 'You must have dreamed it,' my mother said, but my father got up and went out to the barn and when he found the empty stall he called the constable.

'He's not here,' the constable's wife told him. 'He's checking on a robbery in one of the big homes along the river. It was broken into last night and a lot of jewelry was taken. I'll have him call you as soon as he gets back.'

The rain was stopping now, but puddles were everywhere and rivulets ran down the slight hill and into the lane. I kept looking around and in one section, protected from the rain by the overhang I found fresh tire tracks and hoof prints! 'Look at this,' I called, and when my father saw them he decided to get the car out and try to follow them. Our headlights picked up some nearly washed out tracks on the lane, but we lost them on the hard surfaced road. 'Let's go to the mountain road,' I suggested, 'that's a dirt road, protected by trees, maybe we can pick them up again.'

They must have gone that way because there were clear deep prints until we came to the stony part with almost no soil. Then I thought of the deserted shack, a perfect place for a hideout. My father turned slowly into the lane, scraping bushes and bumping up and down in the ruts. There was the old shack, looking worse than ever and a car was parked beside it, freshly spattered with mud. I was scared now. I started to

open the door but my father grabbed my

'Stay in the car, I'll go.' He looked very strong and resolute as he walked steadily toward the cabin. Nobody stirred in the shack and the parked car was empty, so my father came for me and we took the flashlight to search for tracks again. We found some back of the shack. They were fresh and seemed to head toward the Indian Trail so we started up, scrambling, slipping and sliding until we reached the top. On the ridge trail there was a carpet of wet brown leaves and no tracks at all. We scuffed along looking until we came to the Wolf Rocks.

I felt very tired. The ache in my leg throbbed as I sat down on the huge boulder we called 'the sofa' and leaned back against the cold stone, looking out at our valley below, still dark, with black houses and trees and grey fields. I tried to ease the aching by shifting around and my hand slid into the crevice behind me. Something was there! My fingers closed over a cloth bag, and I knew without looking that I had found something connected with the robbery.



Before I brought it out I heard a sound. I felt it through my feet first, the vibrations going up my legs from the ground, then I heard it through my ears... the muffled beat of horses' hooves pounding along the soft, leaf-thick trail on the crest of the mountain. I stood up on the sofa, holding on to the tall rock. In the pale grey light I saw him coming, his white body showing clearly against the black trees, his mane flying, tail flowing out behind like a banner.

'Polo,' I yelled and he threw up his head, thrust his ears forward and headed straight for me, hurtling right up to the sofa, then sliding to a stop, scattering leaves and mud. His sides were heaving and his nostrils were wide as he snorted and shook his head up and down. 'Oh, Polo where have you been,' I kept asking him and he just pushed me with his nose which was warm and wet. I picked up the broken reins, used the sofa as a mounting block so I could swing my leg over his back and eased myself on to him. 'I'll ride back,' I called to my father, 'down the Hunter's Trail... it isn't quite as steep as the Indian Trail.'

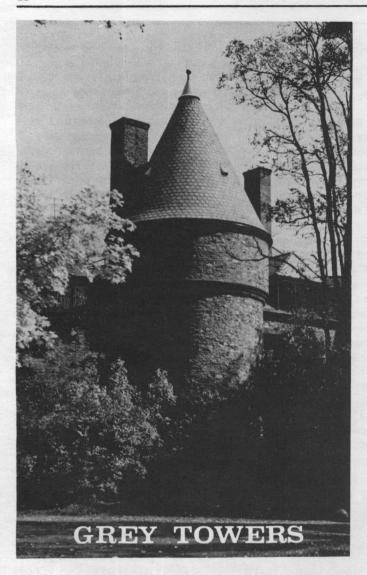
I left my father to slide down the Indian Trail to the car. When I got home he met me at the barn. The constable was there too and he came up to pat Polo. 'Good horse you have there,' he said, 'better at catching robbers than I am.'

Then he told us of investigating the robbery... coming home and getting a call from Mrs. Holwood across the mountain who said that her dog was barking at a man out by the shed. She was suspicious and wanted him to come over. 'I found this fellow huddled in the grass,' the constable went on, 'he was scared to move because of Holwood's dog. Even after Mrs. Holwood held the dog the fellow kept on babbling about a horse.'

'All I did,' the fellow said, 'was take a stick, just a skinny branch I pulled off'n a tree, and hit that horse once... the bugger reared up on his hind legs, losin' me down in these bushes, hurtin' my leg and before I could get up, this here dog comes out growlin' and ready to bite.'

'The fellow had two watches on him,' the constable said, 'and he admitted he thought he had a great idea for a getaway... drove his car to your farm, took the horse, bridled him up and tied him to the car... stopped and left the car at the hunter's shack and rode the horse, figuring no one would ever look for him riding a horse through the woods and up over the mountain. He wouldn't tell me where he stashed the jewelry though; I guess it could be anywhere on the mountain.'

I suddenly remembered the sofa and the bag I felt in the crevice just before I heard Polo coming. When I told the constable, he left in a hurry and later on he called to tell us that it was the bag of jewelry. 'That horse of yours is a hero,' he said, 'he will make the headlines in the newspaper tomorrow and we'll put his picture on the front page as POLO, THE HORSE WHO SOLVED A ROBBERY!'"



by Gerry Wallerstein Photograph courtesy of the U.S. Forest Service

A visit to Grey Towers in Milford, Pa. is a reminder that the word "conservation" was coined by Gifford Pinchot.

It might still be meaningless for Americans, were it not for this man's unique pioneering efforts during half a century as America's leading advocate of environmental conservation. Through his vision, Americans became aware of the urgent need to conserve and protect their nation's forests and other natural resources, and in two of those decades, as first Chief of the Forest Service, Pinchot also raised forestry and conservation from an unknown experiment to a nationwide movement.

Grey Towers, Pinchot's estate overlooking a meadow studded with fruit trees in the beautiful wooded hills of eastern Pennsylvania between the Poconos and the Delaware River, was designed like a French chateau by Richard Morris Hunt, architect for the base of the Statue of Liberty. Built for Gifford Pinchot's father James in 1886, the residence (named for its three grey stone towers) plus almost 100 acres of surrounding woodland were donated by the Pinchot family to the USDA Forest Service in 1963 as a memorial to Gifford Pinchot.

Dedication of the property, attended by over 12,000 people, was made by President John F. Kennedy, a friend of

Pinchot's son, on September 24, 1963 as the first stop on his last conservation tour prior to his assassination. In a natural amphitheater on the property, President Kennedy dedicated the building and grounds "for greater knowledge of the land and its uses," as the Pinchot Institute for Conservation Studies.

It was on the grounds of the 3600-acre estate that the young Gifford and his brother Amos developed an enthusiasm for rugged outdoor life and deep appreciation of nature that were to last them a lifetime and provide the impetus for Gifford's important life work.

Pinchot's ancestors, a French family loyal to Napoleon who were expelled from France after the Corsican's defeat in 1815, had come to Milford, then a predominantly French settlement, in 1816. They prospered in America, and Gifford's father, James, was born there in 1831. He became a successful New York businessman who made numerous trips to France.

It was the elder Pinchot's philosophy and concern about the direct relationship between forests and other natural resources and the welfare of a great nation which strongly influenced his sons, and it was he who suggested that Gifford study forestry, then an unknown profession in the United States.

Accordingly, after his graduation from Yale in 1889, Gifford Pinchot went to France to study at L'Ecole Nationale Foresterie in Nancy, and to be tutored by prominent foresters in Germany, France and Switzerland, as well as Austria.

When he returned home thirteen months later as America's first professional forester, Gifford Pinchot became forest manager of George W. Vanderbilt's 7,000-acre Biltmore Estate near Asheville, N.C. In a short time, his program there was recognized as a success, and scientific forestry had its beginnings in America.

Then, in 1896, Pinchot was named to the Forest Commission of the National Academy of Science, charged with recommending a forest policy for the United States to President Theodore Roosevelt.

Pinchot travelled hundreds of miles through America's great forests, many of which were destined to be designated National Forests. Through his lectures and scientific papers which were based on the information gathered on those travels, Pinchot became President Roosevelt's advisor, and the two men formed a close friendship that lasted their lifetimes.

In 1898, Pinchot was named Chief of the Division of Forestry in the Department of Agriculture. The Division then had ten employees who conducted studies and published information. Within a year, 35 states were calling on the Division for expertise; by 1901 it had become a Bureau of Forestry, and in 1905 when it became the USDA Forest Service, land reserves that had been set aside under the General Land Office were turned over to the new agency for administration.

It was these reserve lands which became known as National Forests, and programs for them were developed with Pinchot's ideal of "the greatest good of the greatest number in the long run" in mind.

To accomplish his plans, at Pinchot's urging President Roosevelt called a Conference of Governors in 1908, which resulted in Federal-State cooperation in effecting protection and wise use of resources.

Pinchot was also instrumental in developing international conservation plans through a pioneering North American Conservation Conference in 1909, which top representatives of

Canada and Mexico attended in conjunction with American officials.

The pioneering conservationist served as Chief Forester until 1910, followed by a stint as Pennsylvania's Chief Forester. Though he failed in a bid for the U. S. Senate, Pinchot became Governor of Pennsylvania for two terms, 1923-27 and 1931-35. A foe of monopolies, reformer of state politics, and ardent conserver of Pennsylvania's natural treasures, he is considered one of the state's best governors.

In addition to all his other activities, Pinchot had become Professor of Forestry at Yale in 1903, and served in that capacity until 1936, when he retired as Professor Emeritus. James, Gifford and Amos Pinchot had endowed the Yale School of Forestry in 1900, and for more than twenty years forestry students came to Grey Towers for summer school sessions and field work through the Pinchots' generosity.

All three Pinchot men contributed greatly to the cause of conservation; James, the father, through his inspiration and financial contributions; Amos, a practicing attorney in New York, through important contributions financially as well as in legal, political and public relations problems connected with the conservation movement; and Gifford, through his direct actions and long career during which he originated and nurtured the fledgling movement.

Throughout his lifetime, though a rich aristocrat who could have devoted himself to the pleasures of the privileged, Gifford was a humanist concerned with conserving the natural riches of America for the benefit of all Americans, and he remained constantly in touch with conservation and scientific forestry matters.

Recipient of many honorary degrees and the 1940 Sir William Schlich Forestry Medal, Pinchot wrote an autobiography describing the rise of forestry and conservation in America—the period between 1880 and 1910. Entitled, "Breaking New Ground," it was published posthumously in 1947.

To the day of his death in 1946 at the age of 81, Pinchot was actively planning a new forest management plan for Grey Towers, and urging an international conference on conservation and the interrelationship of man and his environment. It is conceivable that had he lived to convene such a conference, it might not have been delayed for almost thirty years, while lands, oceans and air spaces were recklessly destroyed and polluted all over the globe.

A tour of Grey Towers is interesting for the view it gives of an unusual family and a unique American.

In the Great Hall are medieval treasures collected by Gifford Pinchot and his wife in their travels abroad, and museum cases filled with his early forestry tools, papers and memorabilia. Free pamphlets and booklets provided by the Forest Service relate to the Pinchots and to many aspects of conservation and forestry.

The walnut-panelled Library contains original Pinchot furnishings and those of his books which are not obsolete. Because it is constantly in use by environmental scholars, the Forest Service continually adds new volumes to the shelves, on such topics as forestry, minerals, wildlife, pollution, and conservation education.

In Gifford Pinchot's private office off the Library, one can see his fishing jacket and the Pennsylvania fishing license No. 1, which he always took while governor, a bust of William Cullen Bryant, who was his close friend, and the skins of rattlesnakes shot on the property.

The former Dining Room is now used as a Conference Room for environmental lectures and films. On its walls are a sea mural of the Battle for Copenhagen, painted in 1700 and purchased by Mrs. Pinchot in 1913, a portrait of President Kennedy donated by Mrs. Kennedy, a valuable medieval altarpiece, and a portrait of Amos Pinchot.

Through the elegant French doors of the Conference Room, it is a few steps to the mosaic-floored patio designed by Mrs. Pinchot, and just beyond it, what is known as The Fingerbowl. Resembling a large bowl, it is actually a floating dining table, an idea the Pinchots picked up in Polynesia. Guests sat on the ground around the water-filled stone bowl, their dinner plates resting on the rim. Food, served luau style, floated in large wooden serving bowls brought from the South Seas, and the serving bowls floated from guest to guest as each helped himself to Polynesian delicacies.

A few steps up is the Terrace, which formerly contained the family's swimming pool. Because of the large numbers of visitors, including small children, who visit the estate yearly, it was filled in and grassed over in order to avoid dangerous mishaps.

Gifford Pinchot's political office, to which he often retreated for quiet and thought, was called the "Letter Box." Whenever Pinchot was seeking public office, his many campaign workers were accommodated on the balcony level of the small building, which currently contains the interesting items Pinchot collected or received from a lifetime of travel all over the world.

At the far end of a Reflecting Pool is the playhouse called "The Bait Box," built and named for Pinchot's only child, Gifford Pinchot II, who was nicknamed "Mr. Fishes" by his father because of his interest in fishing.

In a niche on the second story facade of the chateau, overlooking the beautiful view, is a bust of the Marquis de Lafayette, a Pinchot family friend.

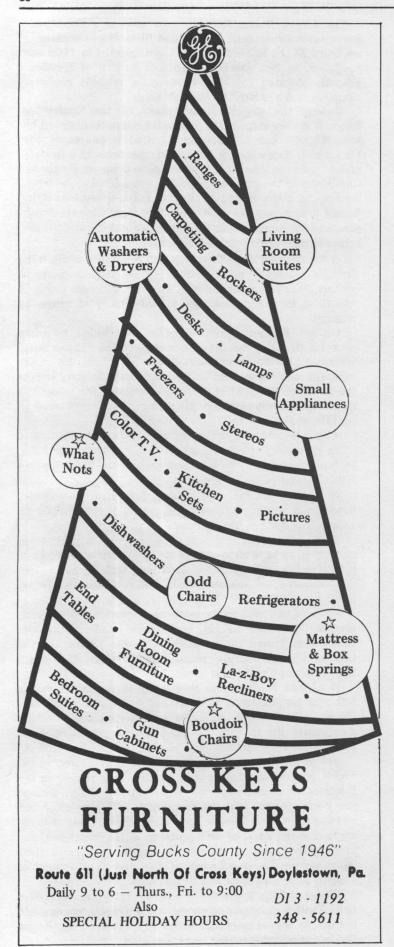
Around the estate numerous millstones, used as walk stones and tables, are reminders of the early grain mills of that part of rural America, and a group of eagles and turkeys, cast in lead and mounted on marble stands reflect Pinchot's abiding interest in wildlife.

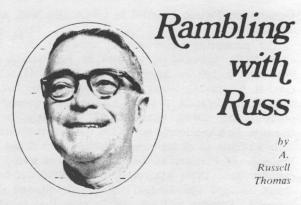
Some of the trees on the estate are exceptionally beautiful, such as the copper beeches, now several hundred years old, which were moved to the property in the 1920's, and the General Sherman Maple, planted by the Civil War leader himself during a visit to his friends, the Pinchots.

If Gifford Pinchot were alive today to see the enormous influence his pioneering work has had on his own nation and the world, he probably would be more interested in launching a persuasive plan to reach the next plateau in preserving planet earth, man's finite environment.

But at least, through the fine gift of Grey Towers to the Forest Service, the Pinchots in another way remain in the forefront of conservation and environmental study, because the Forest Service uses the property as a clearinghouse and meeting place for a 19-state area. Here, research scientists are engaged in the study of such problems as the voracious gypsy moth which annually denudes thousands of trees of their leaves and needles, and the uses of vegetation in urban areas as a means of fighting noise and air pollution.

Winter visiting hours are 8 a.m. to 4:30 p.m. weekdays only. There is no admission charge, and a pleasant young guide is there to answer questions about Grey Towers, the Forest Service, or anything related to conservation.





"HALL OF FAME FOR POWER" — This Rambler's favorite athlete of all time, whose father was also my favorite baseball player in the Bucks-Montgomery area was recently selected as one of 57 persons to be inducted into the Ursinus College Hall of Fame for Athletes at a special occasion at Collegeville. William M. (Bill) Power, head of the well known Bucks County law firm of Power, Bowen and Valimont (Doylestown) was a stellar athlete both at Doylestown High and Ursinus. His selection was made by a committee from several hundred nominees submitted by alumni. Power, was installed at the annual Founders' Day ceremonies. It was homecoming Day at Ursinus and Heywood Hale Brown, well known sportscaster, was the main speaker for the occasion. Congratulations from *PANORAMA* and our many readers.

OUR LADY OF CZESTOCHOWA - A Panorama reader living in Montana writes this Rambler asking for information on the National Shrine of Our Lady of Czestochowa, just a short ride from the County Seat of Bucks. I know that the Shrine was dedicated October 16, eight years ago (1966) by John Cardinal Krol, Archbishop of Philadelphia, and that President Lyndon B. Johnson gave the main address in the presence of 135,000 people, the biggest gathering this scribe ever witnessed in Bucks County as a newspaperman. The Shrine is situated on a beautiful 240-acre estate, a 20-minute ride from Doylestown and 10 miles from the Pennsylvania Turnpike. The Shrine and the Shrine grounds are open all year. Individuals and groups, non-Catholics as well as Catholics, are welcome at all times. So that the Pauline Fathers and Brothers can serve you better, it is recommended that you contact the Director of Pilgrimages and inform him of the date and time your group is coming. Simply write to the Pauline Fathers, Ironhill and Ferry Roads, Doylestown, Pa. 18901.

AMONG OUR FAMOUS PEOPLE — We had most interesting callers at our home recently, my friend and court associate, Mrs. Margaret (Peggy) Harris and her distinguished friend, Miss Cora Logan of Levittown, executive director of "Kinestart." Every Bucks countian should become better acquainted with "Kinestart" — a new concept of early childhood development. It has evolved during the past three years and is structured on the philosophy and work of Cora Logan, founder of the Logan School of Mobility and A.R.K. and developer of Kinestherapy and Somology. The early exposure to the Kinesthetic Dimension does help a child to understand himself...his feelings... and the needs and feelings of others. Miss Logan feels certain it is helpful to the child in developing his awareness, clear thinking, and motor skills. The goals are Confidence, Self-control and a Good Self

Image. Among the many well known people on the Advisory Board as consultants are Bucks County Judge Robert Mountenay (Doylestown); Michael Curran, Levittown insurance broker; Dr. Nicholas Ferry, Langhorne physician; Dr. Charlotte Grave, Bristol psychiatrist; Edward Haley, Levittown; Dr. Lawrence Herson, Neshaminy School District and several others. Interested parents should write to The Logan Center for Kinesthetic Research and Development, Inc., 20 Redbrook Lane, Levittown, Pa. 19055.

A REAL THRILL — The highlight of this Rambler's jaunts during the month of October was a night at the Latin Casino, near Cherry Hill, N.J. with my good wife, Esther, together with other members of the Philadelphia Sports Writers Association and their wives (76 all told) in our party, seated in the midst of a sellout crowd of 2,000 well-entertained and lavishly dined patrons. This Rambler happens to be completing his 50th year as a member of the PSWA, the oldest and most active sports writers group in the country. However, the piece de resistance of this eventful night in addition to a juicy fillet mignon was the never-to-be-forgotten 90 minutes of entertainment by the one and only DANNY THOMAS.

OLD RECORDS — Grand Jury recommendations are often odd and questionable. When the late Bucks County Judge M. H. Stout received the grand jury report at the May Sessions, 1904, a protest was made against Sunday ball playing in Bucks County, and that jury recommended its prohibition. Judge Stout replied that he did not think it was serious enough to warrant an indictment and declared that if it was a nuisance in any community, the persons it annoyed could make complaint and enter prosecution.

The Grand Jury for the January Sessions, 1901, submitted among other findings: "We reviewed with a great deal of satisfaction the decrease of crime within our county, and believe the strict and impartial administration of the law in the various branches of our judicial administration is having a salutary effect, and it is to be accredited for it. In view of the terror which has been spread over the State as the result of the kidnapping of children for the purpose of levying blackmail, we suggest to our Representatives, and trust that they may succeed in having enacted, a law of such rigor as may deter the evil disposed from the perpetuation of this offense." The Grand Jury foreman was Arthur Chapman.

TEMPERANCE INN - The brand new attractive building at the corner of East Court and Pine Streets, Doylestown, across the street from our multi-million dollar Bucks County Courthouse is the site of an original building erected as a "temperance house" in 1830. The term meant a hotel or inn without a liquor license, an important distinction in the days when people held as strong views about whiskey and rum, pro and con, as they did about political matters. The "Citizens' Temperance House" was opened to accommodate lawyers, jurors and witnesses who came to town to attend court sessions, but it set such a good table that it attracted regular boarders locally and, in the summer months, "genteel folk from Philadelphia." Some years later, the hostelry obtained a license and quietly dropped the temperance tag, and under a succession of proprietors and name changes flourished as a popular center for "cotillion parties" for many years. It was converted into a general merchandise store about 1884.



Psalm Twenty-three

The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want.

He maketh me to lie down in green pastures;

He leadeth me beside the still waters.

He restoreth my soul;

He leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for his name's sake.

Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death,

I will fear no evil: for thou art with me;

Thy rod and thy staff they comfort me.



Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies: Thou anointest my head with oil; my cup runneth over. Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life, And I will dwell in the house of the Lord for ever.

BYNNE-ABBEY

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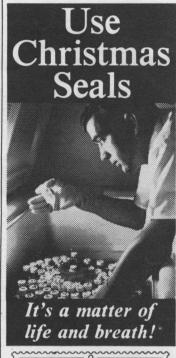
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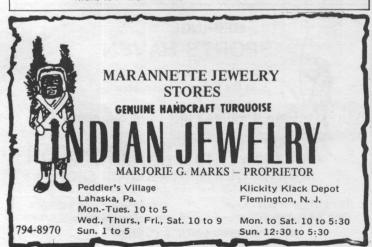
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Horse Talk

THE "SECOND-STORY" STORY









If you are among the group of people who are interested in horses and in horse talk, or if you recently read the November issue of *Panorama*, I'm sure you heard of the story of the horse of another color who climbed a set of stairs to a barn loft full of hay. The reason why the horse made the climb is her affair, how we got her down is a different matter.

One thing was definite from the beginning, a Little horse wasn't coming down of her own free will. She may have gone up without any coaxing, but with a loft of hay at her disposal, she wasn't moving. So how do you persuade a horse in her delightful situation that the barn loft wasn't where she belonged? With the aid of two horse experts and one misplaced photographer, the owner tried to lead her down. However, whereas going upstairs may have been easy—going down looked decidedly uninviting, especially when being pulled from below and pushed from behind and that long length of stairs in between; no, it was out of the question. The little horse put up such a fuss, to the verge of breaking through the loft floor. So she was then set free and went happily back to munching the nearest bale of hay.

So what next? Back her down? After all she came up with her head toward the loft, she might go down the same way. Once again the little horse found herself being pushed and pulled only this time the pull came from her tail and the push from the front. But she wasn't leaving that hay behind. There followed another struggle and she was again turned loose.

The two horse experts left then, disgusted, and gave orders to call a veterinarian before calling them back for another try. The call was made, so the owner and photographer then sat down on the stairs to think of another plan of action. The photographer, who incidently had read all the Black Stallion books, came up with the brilliant idea of blindfolding "Little" and leading her down. However, to think of "Little" as the Black Stallion took a lot of imagination, and the owner didn't think it was such a brilliant idea. By this time she had eaten her way through one bale of hay.

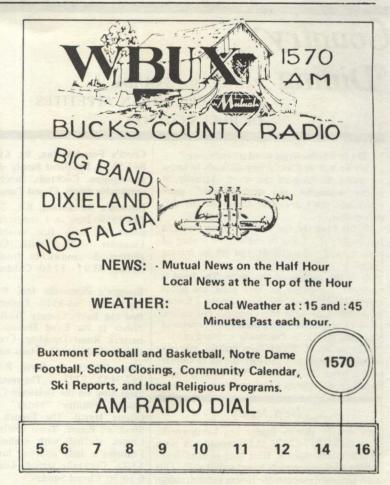
It became obvious, when she put her hoof through the loft floor, that something had to be done and soon. She was eating too much hay, the loft floor couldn't hold out forever, and the owner was on the verge of a nervous breakdown. One could call in the fire department, after all they do get cats out of trees, however, a horse might prove a larger problem. Then, at the darkest moment, the savior arrived—the vet.

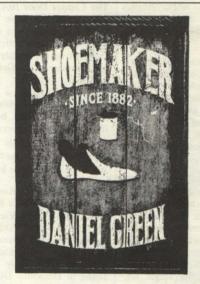
He climbed leasurely from the car and followed the hysterical owner and distraught photographer up to the scene of action. The horse took one look at the new arrival and turned her back in disgust. After all enough was enough. The "horse-doctor" returned to his car, filled a needle with tranquilizers, and promptly administered it to the reluctant little horse. She was then left to mellow out on her own, while the horse experts were resummoned.

They came by the truck-full, experts and man-power, and the photographer fetched her camera to record the event. The loft became a turmoil of activity as a dopy "Little" was pulled to the floor under feeble protest, and totally knocked out with a bottle of anesthetic administered to the main artery in her neck. Her hind hooves were tied together; man-power began to drag her toward the stairs; her photograph was taken with a blinding flash of light; and the loft floor protested under the onslaught. Finally she was brought to the top of the stairs where a rug had been laid to make her descent more comfortable. And she was slid gracefully to the bottom, amid cheers from the onlookers. She was then laid out in style—a pillow for her head, blanket for her body, and a group photograph taken of her and her rescuers.

If you happened to drive by a small farmhouse late one Thursday afternoon this fall, and saw a horse standing crosslegged, inebriated and at a slight tilt, chances are that was our horse of course.

B.W.H.





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Country Dining PANORAMA'S GUIDE

PANORAMA'S GUIDE
TO THE EPICUREAN APPETITES
OF BUCKS COUNTY

The new fashionable word is "ambiance."

It's French and really very difficult to know the exact meaning of the word. Actually, it means "intangible and unexplainable" since you really can't put your finger on the definition of it.

It fits Chez Odette exactly, in as much as you really can't begin to explain the feeling of pleasure and contentment you get on leaving Chez Odette.

It is the success of the place. The food is excellent; the drinks are very good; the prices are extremely reasonable. An example, a fantastic Buffet daily with two Gourmet hot dishes, 10 or 15 salads, two cold meats and mousse of ham, etc., for \$3.75. Practically unheard of.

The music of Stuart Ross nightly, cleverly nostalgic. The singing and carrying on of Odette herself, when in the mood. Plus Saturday night the music of Johnny Coles orchestra

New Jersey

Lambertville House, Bridge St., Lambertville, N.J. (609) 397-0202. 162 year-old inn with delightful atmosphere. Dine here in candlelight setting. Hot, homemade bread served daily. Our own famous Lambertville House salad dressing. Open 11:30 A.M. seven days a week. Dinners from \$3.75 to \$11.50 with dinner specials Tuesday and Thursday at \$4.25. Banquet facilities.

The Swan Hotel, 43 South Main St., Lambertville, N.J. (609) 397-3552. Unquestionably one of the Delaware Valley's most beautiful turn-of-the-century bars. Its back street elegance and superb art collection create an ambiance found only in the pubs of London and Dublin. Open daily except Sunday, 4 P.M. 'til 2 A.M. featuring excellent drinks and pub sandwiches. Jack Gill on the piano — Saturdays.

River's Edge, Lambertville, N.J. at the New Hope Bridge, (609) 397-0897. Dining on the Delaware in a choice of incomparable settings—The River Room, The Garden or The Club. The view vies with the superb menu featuring: prime rib, stuffed lobster, sweetbreads and special dessert menu. Luncheon to 3 P.M. (\$2-\$5), Dinner to 11 P.M. (\$6-\$12). Dancing nightly. Tuesday eve—join the single set. Reservations. Jackets on weekends. Closed Monday.

Pennsylvania

Benetz Inn, 1030 N.W. End Blvd., Quakertown (Rt. 309 two miles north of town) 536-6315. A family-run restaurant that captures a feeling of Old World warmth with its atmosphere, service and food. If you like German cooking, order sauerbraten and spaetzles, but also recomended is the roast duckling a l'orange. Buffet luncheon Thurs., buffet dinner Sat. at 5:30. L – (\$1.25 - \$4.25); D – (\$4 - \$10). Weekend reservations advised.

Conti's Ferndale Inn, Rt. 611, Ferndale, Pa. 847-5527. Excellent family dining in a casual atmosphere. Cocktails, luncheons, dinner at reasonable prices. Closed Tuesday.

Boswell's Restaurant, Rte. 202, Buckingham. 794-7959. Dine in a congenial colonial atmosphere on such fine eatables as Duck or Flounder stuffed with Crabmeat. Lunch platters & sandwiches from \$1.95. Dinner platters \$3.95 - \$7.50. Children's Menu.

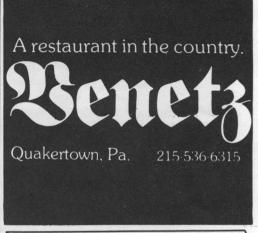
Brugger's Pipersville Inn, Rtes. 413 & 611, Pipersville. 766-8540. Country dining in the fine old Bucks County Tradition, serving such dishes as Pie Eyed Shrimp (Shrimp in beer batter), Roast Duckling, Crabmeat au Gratin. Children's Menu. Cocktails served.

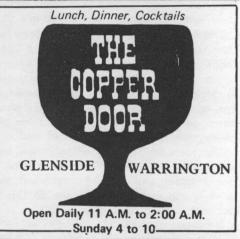
Chez Odette, S. River Road, New Hope. 862-2432, 2773. The restaurant was once a barge stop on the Delaware Canal and is now a unique country "bistro" with Aubergiste Odette Myrtil. The French cuisine includes Steak au Poivre, Trout stuffed with Escargot, Crepes stuffed with crabmeat or chicken. Features a daily gourmet luncheon buffet at \$3.75. Cocktails served. Lunch 12-3, Dinner 6-10:30. Closed Sunday.

The Copper Door North, Rte. 611, Warrington. DI 3-2552. Creative menus for outstanding food and drink, in a comfortable atmosphere, include such specialties as Steak Soup, Seafood Feast Stregato, freshly baked bread and Chocolate Mousse Pie. Drinks are giant-sized and delicious, whether you order a "Do-It-Yourself" Martini, a Mocha Mixer or a Gin Jardiniere topped with crisp vegetables. Dinners include soup, salad, bread, potato or Linguine in a choice of special sauces from \$4.95 to \$9.50. Daily specials featuring such dishes as Surf, Turf & Barnyard – Filet, Lobster Tails & Bar-B-Qued Ribs are \$6.95.

Golden Pheasant, Route 32 (15 mi. north of New Hope on River Rd.), Erwinna. 294-9595, 6902. The mellow Victorian atmosphere of this old inn on the Canal serves as the perfect inspiration for a relaxed, aristocratic meal. You may begin with Escargots and proceed to pheasant from their own smoke oven, steak Diane or Duckling. Dining in the Greenhouse is especially pleasant. Wine & Cocktails of course. Dinner 6-11, Sunday from 4 (\$5.75 - \$9.50) Closed Monday. Bar open 5-2. Reservations required.

Imperial Gardens, 22 N. Main, Doylestown. 345-9444. 107 Old York Rd., Warminster, 674-5757, 5758. Excellent Chinese fare for the discerning gourmet. Specializing in Cantonese, Szechuan and Peking style cooking, they also offer Mandarin and Polynesian favorites. We recommend the Sea Food Wor Ba — combination of Lobster, Shrimp, Crab with Chinese vegetables in special sauce. Take Out Menu available.





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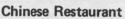
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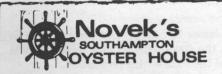
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La Bonne Auberge, Village 2, New Hope. 862-2462. Where everything is special - Potage Cressonniere, Rack of Lamb Arlesienne. Lunch \$1.95 - \$5.95. Dinner \$8 - \$12. Luncheon 12-2:30, Dinner 7-10. Music. Cocktails served. Reservations preferred.

Logan Inn, Ferry & Main Streets at the Cannon, New Hope. 862-5134. Enjoy the comfort of an old country inn which has provided food, drink and lodging since 1727... New Hope's oldest building. Open 11:30 a.m. 'til 2:00 a.m. Reservations requested.

Novek's Southampton Oyster House, 727 Second Street Pike (where Street Rd. & 2nd St. Pike meet). 322-0333. Fine family-style scafood restaurant. Plucked fresh from the sea are Scampi, Shrimp, Crab & Lobster. There's always a Rib Steak or Fried Chicken for landlubbers. For the fish fanciers - a large selection of Broiled, Sauteed, or Fried Seafoods and Fresh Fish. You are welcome to bring your

Old Anchor Inn. Routes 413 & 232, Wrightstown. 598-7469. Good old-fashioned American food in a country setting. Cocktails served. Lunch a la carte from \$1.25. Dinner a la carte from \$4.95. Closed Monday.

Purple Plum, The Yard, Lahaska. 794-7035. Old Country atmosphere with each dish a specialty. Cocktails served. Lunch \$1.95 - \$6. Dinner \$5 - \$9. Children's portions.

Stone Manor House - Rt. 413-202, Buckingham, Pa. 794-7883. Small, intimate old inn -Continental Cuisine & Cocktails served amidst old stone walls, fireplace and crystal chandeliers. Dinner from \$5.00. Open 5:00 P.M. Closed Monday.

Stockton Inn, Route 29, Stockton, N.J. 1-609-397-1250. When the weather outside is frightful and chill, fireplaces within will cheer you. And when it's warm, dining moves outdoors beside cascading waterfalls. This 250year-old restaurant serves American specialties and offers an outstanding variety of imported and domestic wines. Open daily. Lunch 12-3 (from \$2.50), Dinner from 5 p.m. (from \$5.25).

Tom Moore's, Route 202, 2 mi. south of New Hope. 862-5900 or 5901. It's handsome - with fireplaces, stained glass and Victorian headboard at the back of bar - and old - over 230 years. Mon., "The classic buffet," Wed., "Turfman's Night" @ \$7.95. Open every evening. Reservations.

Thornton House, State St. & Centre Ave., Newtown. 968-5706. Two cozy dining rooms for luncheon and dinners. Crab dishes featured. Special platters daily. Closed Monday.

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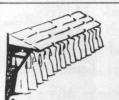
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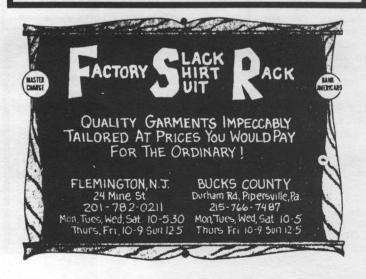
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BOOKCASE continued from page 13

England. We last saw James Herriot in "All Creatures" as he left to honeymoon on the Dales with his new bride aiding in the tuberculin testing of the local bovine population.

All Things Bright and Beautiful begins with the newly married Herriots moving into the third floor of the house where James served as assistant veterinarian to Siegfried Farnon. He is now a full partner to Siegfried, and carries on his narrative of the day to day problems of a country animal doctor in the good old days.

An amazing thing to this reviewer is the fact that these books have rapidly become best sellers and have remained high on the list for quite a long time. I am not amazed because of the quality of the books — on the contrary — I devoured both of them in record time - savoring every word - in short - I loved them and the sequel is every bit as good as the first book. But, I am an animal "nut" and have always harbored a secret desire to be a veterinarian.

What then, in this day and age of violence, sex and dirty politics - both on the screen and in print - is this kind of book doing at the top of the best seller list?

I will not try to explain the reasons why but I do have a few good ideas about it.

And I can't wait for Herriot's next book - obviously there has to be more in the offing because the verse from which Herriot takes his titles still has two good ones left. . .

"All things bright and beautiful, All creatures great and small, All things wise and wonderful, The Lord God made them all."

Cecil Frances Alexander 1818-1895

And the last line of "All Things" written by this natural born story-teller states as he departs on his tour of duty in the service of his country that "it was only the beginning."

So take heart Herriot-lovers - there's got to be more to come.

DELONG'S GUIDE TO BICYCLES & BICYCLING by Fred DeLong, Chilton Book Company, Radnor, Penna., 1974. 278pp. \$12.95

This guide is billed as the "... most accurate, most up-to-date bicycling guide available . . .;" I can't agree more. I even found detailed exploded drawings of the Shimano derailleur used on my own five speed bicycle. Although the author is an engineer, and goes very deeply into the theory of the design of bicycles, including very detailed analysis of structural design, he begins the book with a surprisingly romantic approach to the art of bicycling. He writes with the same passion that writers trying to lure readers into the art of horsemanship might use, and since I am not a horse-person, I find his enticements most compelling.

With the most recent increase in interest of all types of man-propelled vehicles in recent years, this book is a welcome addition to anyone's library whether an experienced rider, or one about to purchase his first serious bicycle since his last twelfth birthday. The author provides an abundance of details of construction and their comparative values, such that after considerable study of this book, a neophyte might be able to intelligently select and purchase a \$600.00 bicycle. However, the spectrum of the book also covers the wealth of information on the lowly sidewalk bike, and the so-called high-riser types. In short, the total spectrum from \$30.00 to \$600.00 on

up, is covered. Of course, special purpose bicycles are included, and I noted with particular interest, his comments on the three-wheeler bikes. The author's particular hint of interest on the purchase of three-wheelers is worth repeating you should only purchase the type with a differential rear drive, not the single wheel drive; which is difficult and possibly dangerous to turn in one direction. As DeLong explains, this type of bicycle is becoming popular with the retired set.

Chapter by chapter, the author goes thoroughly through each facet of the sport of bicycling, and nothing is missed. You will find comments on how to avoid the accumulation of discomfort on that part of the anatomy that comes in contact with the bicycle seat, as well as his suggestions on clothing, safety, his campaign for bike trails, and a complete chapter on the medical aspects of bicycling.

Fred DeLong, a nearby resident of Hatboro, possesses an impressive array of credentials, which qualify him as worthy of the title "Mr. Bicycle."

In so far that a good bike is an expensive proposition, I heartily recommend the reading of this book. Additionally, since there is some danger in the use of bicycles, since we must share the roads with gas guzzling and exhaust belching monsters, I can't help but to repeat myself and say, get the book if even only for the chapter on safety.

LETTERS

Dear Editor,

Thanks to your vicarious introduction, we had the pleasure of meeting the Kramers (July article - old-new house).

The Kramers were very, very gracious. They answered all of our questions about their house and also gave us good advice, which we appreciate very much.

We were not only impressed by the architecture of the house but also by the little things that make a house a home. The Kramers have a truly beautiful home throughout.

Thank you once again for your help. We'd also like to take the time to say that we enjoy reading your magazine.

> Sincerely, Mr. & Mrs. John P. Heyen Levittown

Editors of Panorama.

Have just enjoyed your October issue of Panorama to such an extent that I hasten to subscribe to the magazine for the year. I attended the special day at Historic Fallsington and was to meet history there!

> Sincerely yours, Anne J. Hubley Medford, N.J.

Dear Editor,

After visiting Bucks County frequently this past year and one half and being introduced to your magazine, I have decided to give my daughter, as well as myself, a subscription as a Christmas treat - lasting for the whole year.

Thank you and wishing you continued success in bringing happiness to people with your Magazine of Bucks County.

> Mrs. C. W. Armstrong Columbus, Ohio

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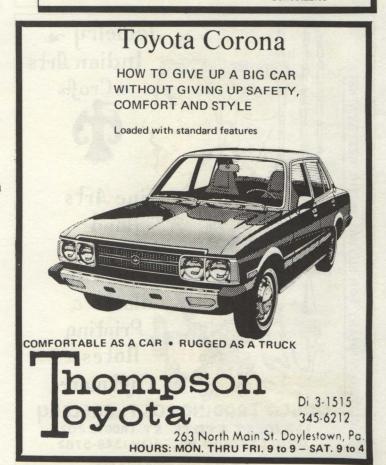
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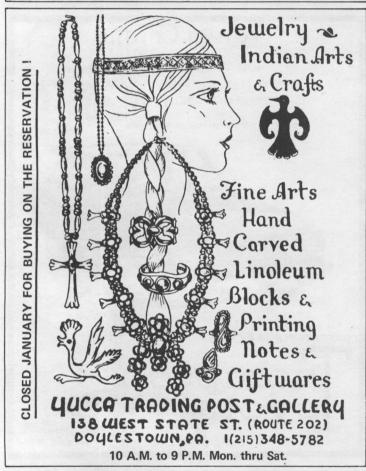
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FRIENDS continued from page 7



The lady who has everything could always use a collectors' plate. You know what they are - those plates you buy on Mother's Day and Christmas that go up and up in value as the years go by. We found the best selection of these in The House of BekOre located in Peddler's Village. Our favorite is La Chasse a la Licorne put out in a limited edition of 12 thousand plates for the whole world. There are six plates making up the whole collection but if you missed the first three, that's too bad. This plate is by French C. H. Field Haviland Limoges and is a reproduction of the Aubusson tapestry of the hunt of the unicorn. It is one of the most colorful plates being rich in blues, greens and red. Each new plate is priced under \$40.00 and we certainly wouldn't mind owning the last three in the edition of six. If that one doesn't strike your fancy, there's the Peaceable Kingdom plate by New Jersey artist Nan Lee in a limited edition of 5 thousand, or for the age of Aquarious the Astrological Man plate taken from "Les Tres Riches Heures du Duc de Berry" also in limited edition of 5 thousand. These plates are all struck by Field Haviland Limoges along with several plates which are exact reproductions from the Metropolitan Museum of New York such as the China Trade plate circa 1750 and priced at \$17.50.

The five women who creatively run Blueberry Manor in Chalfont are celebrating their first Christmas in their country house and a visit there will surely put you in the Christmas spirit if nothing else will. Now where else would you even think of going to buy a patchwork Christmas tree ornament or gingham mice?

Thanks to Mother Nature, spring, summer and fall in Bucks County are ranked as the most beautiful seasons by hundreds of thousands of visitors and residents, but December is now giving the warmer months stiff competition as the Beautiful Season moves indoors with holiday decorations on all sides. Probably the most breath-taking is the transformation of the famous River's Edge Restaurant at the Lambertville-New Hope bridge. Visitors come from hundreds of miles away to see this spacious and gracious dining complex on the banks of the Delaware turned into a "crystal palace" throughout December. Thousands of crystal and gold decorations suspend from the ceilings, turning all the rooms into a mass of holiday glitter. Combined with the greens and flowers and the live birds-pheasants, partridge, quail, and Oriental silkies-that parade around the interior garden, the holiday decor at the River's Edge looks like the setting for an MGM musical. It's no wonder this popular spot calls December its "Beautiful Season."



DOYLESTOWN - Last day of Bucks County Thanksgiving Festival. Exhibitions of county artists' works. Benefit of Bucks County Association for Retarded Children. Danny Davis and the Nashville Brass. 3:00 p.m. Central Bucks West High School, Route 202. General Admission – Parties – Ticket information call 348-3534.

QUAKERTOWN — Cantata Singers, Ifor Jones conducting, A Service of Lessons and Carols in the English tradition, Sunday, 4:00 p.m. at Trinity Lutheran Church, Hellertown Avenue, Quakertown, Pa. No admission charge; for information call (215) 536-6156.

QUAKERTOWN — Cantata Singers, Ifor Jones conducting. A Service of Lessons and Carols in the English tradition, Sunday, 8:00 p.m. at New Hope Methodist Church, Main Street, New Hope, Pa. No admission charge; for information call (215) 536-6156.

WRIGHTSTOWN - Bucks County Folksong Society - Wrightstown Friends Meeting Recreation Room, Rt. 413 - 8 p.m.

PHILADELPHIA - Fels Planetarium of Franklin Institute 1-Jan. 5 - "Season's Greetings" is the traditional holiday program at the Fels Planetarium. This year's revised show asks if there is a scientific explanation to the "star of Christmas." Could the "star" have been a comet, a nova, a planet, or was it indeed a miracle? During the show, visitors will also view the many bright star groupings that are visible from Philadelphia during the holiday season. Then, Mr. Scrooge once again visits the Planetarium and escorts the audience on a trip around the world for a look at various traditional holiday customs. Show times: Tuesday through Friday 2:00 p.m.; Saturday 11:00 a.m., 1, 2 and 3 p.m.; Sunday 2, 3 and 4 p.m. Show every Friday evening followed by visit to the Franklin Institute rooftop observatory. The Fels Planetarium is closed Mondays.

DOYLESTOWN — Regular meeting of Bucks County
Audubon Society, Tuesday 8:00 p.m. at Delaware Valley
College. Ray C. Erickson will present a program on
Endangered Wildlife Research at Patuxent Center,
Maryland. He is Assistant Director of Research at the
center.

5,6,7 BUCKINGHAM – Antique Show, Tyro Grange Hall, Route 202 and 413. Open each day at noon. Antiques, crafts, etc. Admission \$1.25.

NEWTOWN - Audubon Film Tour, Saturday, 8:00 p.m. Newtown Intermediate School.

NEWTOWN - Bucks County Community College - Last of film series "Women in Film," "The Girls," featuring Harriet Andersson, Bibi Andersson, Gunnel Lindblom and directed by Mai Zetterling. 8 p.m. Shown in the library auditorium. No Charge.

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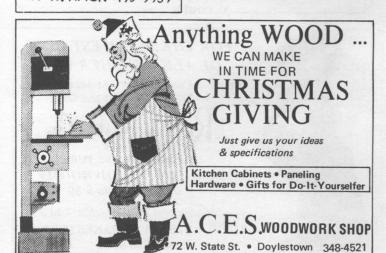
For Your Convenience

Peddler's Village shops will be open 'til 9 p.m. Wednesday through Saturday, starting November 29th and Christmas Eve 'til 5 p.m.

Santa arrives Saturday, December 7th at 4 p.m. with the calliope and welcomes children Friday and Saturday nights thereafter from 7 to 8:30 p.m.

Shops are closed: Thanksgiving, Christmas and New Years Day.





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CALENDAR continued

- SELLERSVILLE Dinner-Dance concluding Sellersville's Centennial Celebration on actual anniversary date of incorporation by the Bucks County Courts Dec. 7, 1874. Forrest Lodge, Post 245, VFW, Old Bethlehem Pike. Public invited.
- NEWTOWN Audubon Wildlife Films "Upcountry Uganda" Jeanne and John Goodman. Council Rock Intermediate School, Swamp Road, 8 p.m. Ticket information call 343-1134 or The Bucks County Audubon Society 598-7535. Group rates.
 - NEWTOWN "Christmas Open House Tour" Historic Homes open Noon to 8 p.m. Tickets required. \$4.00 (\$3.50 advance sale) Shuttle bus service available. Free buses will run from Council Rock Senior High School parking lot. Christmas Music on the Trinity Church Carillon from 3:30 to 4:00 p.m. and 4:30 to 5 p.m. For tickets write Newtown Historic Association, Inc., P.O. Box 303, Newtown, Pa. 18940 or call 968-4004.
 - PHILADELPHIA Academy of Natural Sciences, Christmas Bird Count, an expedition to the shore and inland areas of southern New Jersey looking for unusual species seen at this time of year. Phone LO7-3700, ext. 342 for more information.
- 7,8 FALLS TOWNSHIP "The Nutcracker" will be produced by Catherine T. Kuklich of Yardley as a community project. Pennwood Jr. High School auditorium.
 - QUAKERTOWN Cantata Singers, Ifor Jones conducting, A Service of Lessons and Carols in the English tradition. Sunday, 7:30 p.m. at Zwingli U.C.C. Church, Wile at Walnut Street, Souderton, Pa. No admission charge; for information call (215) 536-6156.
 - NEWTOWN Delaware Valley Philharmonic Orchestra "Pops Concert," 3 p.m. at Council Rock High School, Swamp Road. Tickets at the door. For information call 757-4778.
 - WASHINGTON CROSSING Neshaminy High School Christmas Concert. Director Theodore Kloos. 2 p.m., Memorial Building, Washington Crossing State Park, Rt. 32 & 532.
 - NESHAMINY MALL A free lecture on Brain Wave and Thought Control for self-development, and for dealing effectively with practical and daily needs. 8:00 at Neshaminy Mall, Route 1, Cornwells Heights, in the Community room. It is sponsored by The Society for the Advancement of Mankind. For information call 438-4387.
- DOYLESTOWN Christmas Open House Free program including Santa Claus in horse and buggy, tours, singing by Bucks County Community College Choir, refreshments. Moravian Pottery and Tile Works, Swamp Road, (Rt. 313) 7 p.m.
- 14 HOLICONG The Pro Musica Society of Bucks County's 2nd concert of the season. Holicong Jr. High School 8:00 p.m. Liszt Concerto No. 1, E-flat major, Sandra Campbell at the piano. Tickets and information write Pro Musica, P.O. Box 204, New Hope, Pa. 18938 or phone 862-2369.

- OUAKERTOWN Cantata Singers, Ifor Jones conducting, A Service of Lessons and Carols in the English tradition. Sunday, 4:00 p.m. at St. Thomas More R.C. Church, 1040 Flexer Avenue, Allentown, Pa. No admission charge; for information call (215) 536-6156.
- WASHINGTON CROSSING Trenton Pops Orchestra, Joseph M. Scannella, Conductor. Christmas Concert. 2 p.m. Memorial Building, Washington Crossing State Park, Rt. 32 & 532.
- 20 FEASTERVILLE Bucks County Mall will host the Tri-County Band in Concert Free, 7:30 p.m.
- 20 PHILADELPHIA Academy of Music Philadelphia Singers and Orchestra The Splendor of Christmas, Friday night 8:30. Music by Pinkham, Bach and various carols. Tickets \$8, \$7, \$6, \$4 and \$3 at Academy Box Office or call 732-3370.
- WASHINGTON CROSSING Annual Re-enactment of Washington Crossing The Delaware. 2:00 p.m. near the Memorial Building, off Route 32, near Route 532. 198th Anniversary.
- 28,29 NEW HOPE Make Believe Players "The Wizard of Oz," Phillips Mill. For tickets or information write The Make Believe Players, Box 302, RD 1, New Hope, Pa. 18938 or call 862-5528-5496. If writing, enclose self-addressed stamped envelope.
- 1-31 WASHINGTON CROSSING Narration and Famous Painting, "Washington Crossing The Delaware," daily 9:00 a.m. to 4:30 p.m. Memorial Bldg., at ½ hour intervals. Daily film showing, tentative and subject to change.
- 1-31 WASHINGTON CROSSING Thompson-Neely House, furnished with pre-Revolutionary pieces, Route 32, Washington Crossing State Park. Open daily 9:00 a.m. to 4:30 p.m. Admission \$.50, includes a visit to the Old Ferry Inn.
- 1-31 WASHINGTON CROSSING Old Ferry Inn, Route 532 at the bridge. Restored Revolutionary Furniture, gift and snack shop where Washington Punch is sold. Open 9:00 a.m. to 4:30 p.m., daily. Admission \$.50, includes a visit to the Thompson-Neely House.
- 1-31 WASHINGTON CROSSING Taylor House, built in 1812 by Mahlon K. Taylor, now serves as headquarters for the Washington Crossing State Park Commission. Open to the public 8:30 a.m. to 5 p.m. weekdays.
- 1-31 MORRISVILLE Pennsbury Manor, the recreated Country Estate of William Penn. Original Manor House was built in 1683. Open daily 9:00 a.m. to 4:30 p.m. Sundays 1 to 4:30 p.m. Admission \$.50.
- 1-31 BRISTOL Margaret R. Grundy Memorial Museum, 610 Radcliffe Street. Victorian Decor. Hours: Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday 1 to 3 p.m. Other times by appointment.
- 1-31 PINEVILLE Wilmar Lapidary Art Museum. The Country's largest private collection of hand-carved semi-precious stones. Open to the public Tuesday thru Saturday 10 a.m. to 5 p.m., Sunday 1 to 5 p.m. Admission \$.50.

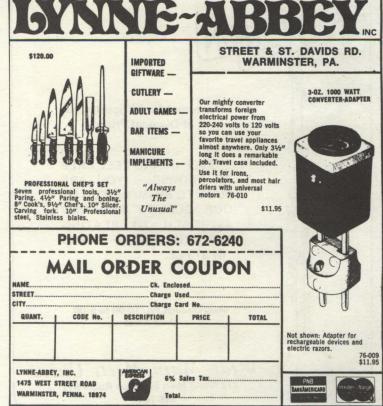


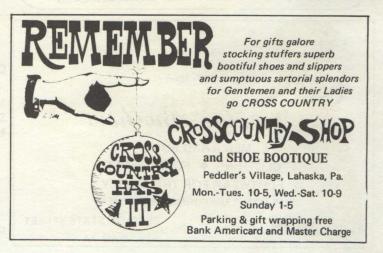
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p.m. Closed Mondays. Admission. Special rates for families and groups. Groups by appointment. Closed January and February.
 1-31 DOYLESTOWN - The Moravian Pottery and Tile Works, Swamp Road (Rt. 313) north of Court Street, Sunday Noon to 5 p.m., Wed. through Saturday 10 a.m. to 5 p.m.

Admission. Group Rates.

1-31 WASHINGTON CROSSING — Activities at the Wildflower Preserve — Bowman's Hill, Washington Crossing State Park. Exhibit — "Christmas Greens." Sun., Dec. 1 — 2-3 p.m., Adult Hike; Sun., Dec. 4 — 2 p.m., Nature Films; Sat., Dec. 7 — 10-12 p.m., Children's Walk "Native Evergreens"; Sun., Dec. 8, 15, 22, 29 — 2 p.m. Nature Films.

DOYLESTOWN - The Mercer Museum, Pine and Ashland

Streets. Hours: Tuesday through Saturday 10 a.m. to 5

1-31 BENSALEM - The New Keystone Race Track opened Nov. 4 and can accommodate 25,000 people. It is convenient to the Pa. Turnpike, 195 and US 1, with the front entrance off Street Road. For further information call 639-9000. Closed Christmas.

1-31 WASHINGTON CROSSING – The David Library of the American Revolution, River Road. Open by appointment Monday through Friday, 10 a.m. to 5 p.m. Contains the most important private collection of originals of the Revolution. Telephone 493-6776 for information.

1-31 DOYLESTOWN - Special Attraction For December - Exhibit of original photographs of Early Architecture by Aaron Siskind, with an introduction by William Morgan. At The Mercer Museum, Pine Street. Call 348-4373.

1-31 NEWTOWN — Court Inn, tours Tuesdays and Thursdays 10 a.m. to 12 noon and 1 to 3 p.m. Sundays 2 to 4 p.m. Famous tavern built in 1733 by Joseph Thornton, Sr. has been carefully restored to represent the rustic hostelry it was in the 18th C. Also features a colonial garden in the rear. Tours by appointment only. Contact 968-4004 during hours listed or write, Box 303, Newtown, Pa. 18940.

1-31 CARVERSVILLE – Fred Clark Museum, Aquatong Road. Saturdays 1 to 5 p.m. No admission charge. Also open by appointment. Further information call OL9-0894 or 297-5919 at night or on weekends.

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